



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 24 – Number 6

August 1, 2006

Special Features This Issue
“John Gardner Small Craft Workshop”
“A Sail on the Sea of Cortez” – “The Cat Comes Back”



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Ever since 1979, four years before we launched this magazine, we've made the annual pilgrimage the first weekend in June to Mystic Seaport for the Traditional Small Craft Workshop. During the mid '90s we missed a few due to other commitments, but for the most part it has been an annual milestone each year. After a quarter of a century it has been long enough for us to wax nostalgic over it as we drive down Interstate 95 for just over two hours. This year, with the rain pouring down, the memories were of bygone rainy workshops. Arriving at the Seaport we entered the calculated ambiance of the place as a recreated 1800s seaport and, together with the nature of the boats gathered for the workshop, this further prodded the nostalgia trip, not just the 25 years of memories of our own but the envisioned memories of the times of 150 or more years back at the dawn of the industrial revolution.

This whole game of messing about in boats is really rooted in nostalgia for simpler times and their artifacts. Why else row or paddle or sail boats with all the marvelous motorized plastic products of industrialized today available for us to enjoy in relative ease? The workshop at Mystic originally came into being in 1970 or so when John Gardner, the outspoken champion of traditional wooden boats and an activist in protecting them from the onslaughts of benighted authority, called together the faithful readers of his regular columns in *National Fisherman* to form the Traditional Small Craft Association. Sounding the alarm over proposed Coast Guard regulations specifying how small boats would be built, which would have pretty much outlawed all traditional types, he included a celebration of traditional small craft. The threat was averted but the annual celebration carries on, with others emulating it coming into existence over the years.

There is a fair amount of nostalgia that appears on our pages, specific recollections from readers/writers of bygone times and boats that loomed large in their lives. And I sometimes push the nostalgia back even further by publishing old time articles from long gone boating magazines or books. I like to read in the vernacular of the time how people once indulged in what many of us are attempting to recreate today. I'm now old enough to recall that life was indeed simpler when I was young, albeit often harder. Going back to my father's generation, and his father's, and so on, each move back in time continues the simplification of life, back to basic survival which was pretty much all most people ever had time or money enough to deal with.

Our small boat focus today is a mixed bag of artifacts and activities from a broad span of years. We may build our boat by hand but often from modern plywood glued together. Even those who cling to mechanical fastening of real wood planking and frames often cut everything to size with electric power tools, perhaps using traditional hand tools for final fitting. The finished boat is typically transported over modern highways on a cartop or trailer to the chosen venue afloat. Once afloat our boat may then be propelled by wind or muscle power but again often there's an auxiliary modern power unit, inboard or outboard, in case we tire or the wind goes away.

The navigator of the traditional wooden boat underway today may consult a GPS to layout his proposed course or find out where he is once under way. He has a cell phone or VHF to communicate ashore if the need arises. It appears to me that what we do is pick and choose amongst the ways and artifacts of yesteryear and today to achieve whatever our vision is. We adopt the pleasing things and avoid the difficult or dangerous ones. While we bask in the pleasure of using muscle power to propel our boat, we take along today's gadgets that provide instant communication and guaranteed direction finding.

This subject of being faithful to the old ways we seem to find attractive is one that does fascinate me. Much of today's "re-enactment" of olden times is based on genuine enthusiasm and interest but founded in today's culture with all its technology so it is just about impossible to 100% relive long ago experiences or recreate long ago artifacts, they sprang from the culture of their times.

The birch bark canoe offers one example that comes to mind. Today a few craftsmen teach building of birch bark canoes the traditional way, except that they use metal hand tools not available to the native Americans. One man, Jim Dina, did build his birch bark canoe using obsidian tools just as were available to the native Americans prior to the arrival of the Europeans and he harvested his own birch bark. But Jim got around to locate this stuff, the obsidian a hundred miles from his Connecticut home, in his car. He didn't hike through the woodlands to New York for that obsidian.

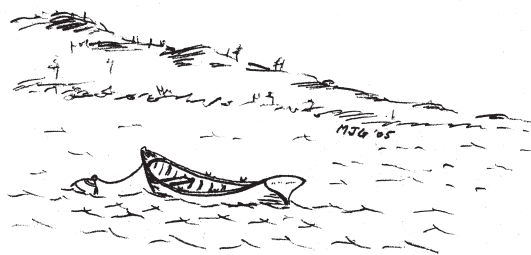
It is impossible to entirely escape our present day surroundings and technology in this quest for preserving and re-enacting the experiences of our ancestors. Each of us so impelled goes as far back as is convenient and gain much pleasure from our efforts. So it is worthwhile even as it falls short of an ultimate experience or artifact.

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On the Cover...

A moment of unplanned action at the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport in early June. More photos, a report and a listing of all the boats entered are featured in this issue.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

When I was young and quite, quite mad, I took my carvel-planked Rhodes 18 from Deep River to South Lyme, merely 15 miles. You cruise down the lovely Connecticut River the last few miles to Long Island Sound, go out past the lighthouse at Lynde Neck, and follow the channel beside the impressive breakwater down to the second lighthouse. Thence turn east (did I mention I hadn't a compass?), avoiding Long Sand Shoal, and follow the shore until you round Hatchett Point. A few fierce rocks in a mile wide bay designate the harbor. You anchor wherever seems likely and take your chances.

Everything went swimmingly from the start. I had the tide behind me as I departed. I hauled up my main and the halyard jammed in the sheave. But the sail was eleven-twelfths up the track so I made up the difference, mostly employing the downhaul. Up with the jib, off with the mooring pennant, and away!

Ah, freedom! I was 18, invincible, and also perfectly stupid. My first mistake was leaving so late in the day. How long can it take to sail 15 miles? It wouldn't be dark till nearly eight o'clock (did I mention I hadn't a light?). Toward the mouth of the river the wind turned fluky. My main remained as shapely as a watermelon in a hammock. I headed up and slacked the halyard, yanked on the luff, and the main descended a yard. Then I tried to haul it back up.

Wake up, Son, you need to undo that downhaul first. This time it jammed immediately, the halyard had jumped the sheave. Some time, I admonished my clever self, you need to reeve the next size larger line. Now I had more slack than I could possibly take up with just the downhaul. There wasn't a reef point in sight. I decided to climb the mast. I had all the requirements, two hands and two feet. Well, the climbing didn't prove difficult, but the boat heeled over, then it heeled over some more and, when I was just above the spreaders, began to welcome the river in over the rail.

So much for that idea. North of the railroad bridge, against the Old Lyme shore, stands a gas dock with a little shack on it, jutting into the river. By this time, half past six, business was done for the day. I moored alongside, climbed the pier, and managed to clamber up to the roof of the shack. With me I had brought the recalcitrant halyard.

Now I was balancing 20 feet off the water. I pulled on the halyard and the boat rolled toward me until I could grasp the mast. What could be more simple? Then the boat rolled away and nearly twitched me from the ridgepole. Whoopee! Suffice it to say, this little game went on for 20 minutes until I finally managed to clear the sheave.

But the wind had died. Still, the tide and current would carry me to the Sound. I flopped my way down the channel past both lighthouses, the ebb tide took me eastward toward Hatchett Point. Off I went, no light, no paddle, no common sense whatsoever.

By nightfall, drifting at nearly half a knot a couple of miles from shore, I noticed two things, the night was clear and also surprisingly dark. Fortunately the shipping lane lay a mile or two beyond me. Unfortunately, I'd also forgotten to lay in any provisions. My stomach began to complain of cruel neglect. "Supper!" it cried. "Shut up," I explained, "we've only five miles to go. All we need is a breeze."

Then the tide changed. Very slowly my little boat drifted back westerly for a better view of the lighthouse. I paid out my 50 feet of rode, it scarcely reached the bottom. Oh well. Eventually we had to fetch up somewhere. Most of that sleepless, dark, and ravenous night my anchor bounced along the sandy bottom.

By breakfast time (by what time, Mate?!) my hook held fast just off the mouth of the river. Then the tide turned again, the breeze awakened. I rubbed the last bushel of Long Sand Shoal from my blurry eyes, hauled my Danforth, and sailed down to South Lyme in only two hours. I anchored out, sloshed the last hundred yards to shore, and squished on up to the village to find some breakfast.



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You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences...

My Early Hydroplane Days

I read the article in the April 15 issue on building small hydroplanes with great interest. When I was 15 years old, 65 years ago, I built what was called a "Nize Baby." The plans were from *Popular Mechanics* magazine. I don't recall if I ordered the plans from *Popular Mechanics* or from the designer. The name "Nize Baby" has stuck with me all these years. The boat I built definitely had an inverted bottom and looked like the boat in Fig. 12.

I had purchased a used 8hp Elto for use on a rowboat. A bit of a mistake. This promoted my building of the "Nize Baby." In the article it mentions a 7-1/2hp Elto. I am sure it was the same engine. The combination was a great success as I could keep up with the Johnson 22hp on a Lyman 13' and on a 15' boat (if the lake was calm).

The article mentions that the Sea Sled Co. claimed that the design for "Nize Baby" was an infringement on their patent, so building plans for that boat were stopped. Apparently I built mine before this occurred.

I thought that this might be of interest and I also wonder how many of these boats were actually built.

Willard Frissell, Mentor, OH

Heartwarming Experience

I had a heartwarming experience recently. I'd just sold my crabbing skiff and decided that a used Rhodes 22 trailerable sailboat would fit into my parking space and really suit me perfectly. I like the separate head compartment and keel/centerboard configuration. They have a reputation for solid construction. Rhodes has been selling their new and re-fitted sailboats for decades. So I called Stan Spitzer at General Boats and found that I'm a little out of my league as price goes.

However, I had the most pleasant conversation with Stan himself. Even though I made it clear that I did not now have the price of one of his completely reconditioned boats, he took time to be very helpful. He suggested ways that I might find a Rhodes 22 on the West Coast, was most cordial, and has a warm sense of humor.

Derek Van Loan, Mill Valley CA

Sailing to Ireland

Readers connected to the internet might be interested in viewing the website of a sailing trip from Chicago to Ireland in a 47' gaff rigged Galway hooker replica. The site is sailingtoireland.com.

Bob Hansen, Chicago, IL

The Ancient Galilee Boat

In 1986 two brothers from Kibbutz Ginosar discovered the Galilee Boat when a severe drought resulted in the lowering of the waters of the Sea of Galilee (Hebrew: Yam Kinneret). The vessel had been buried in, and thus protected by, the seabed's sediments. The Israel Antiquities Authority, assisted by

many volunteers, rescued the boat in a remarkable 11-day excavation. Excavators packaged the weak and waterlogged hull in a cocoon of fiberglass and polyurethane foam, and then successfully floated it to the nearby Yigal Allon Centre, where it underwent an extensive carefully monitored 11-year-long conservation process in a specially built pool.

To conserve it, the boat was submerged in a solution of heated polyethylene glycol (PEG). This synthetic wax replaced the water in the wood cells. The hull was then allowed to dry slowly and cleaned of excess wax, thus allowing for its present exhibition in an atmosphere controlled museum environment.

The boat is preserved to a length of 8.2m (26.9'), a breadth of 2.3m (7.5'), and a height of 1.2m (3.9'). It is built in the typical ancient Mediterranean shell based construction, employing pegged mortise and tenon joints to edge join the planking. Iron nails hold the frames to the hull.

Numerous repairs, the reuse of timbers and a multiplicity of wood types (12) evident in the hull, suggest that this vessel had a long work life and an owner of meager means. Based on several criteria the Galilee Boat is firmly dated to the first centuries BCE-CE. An analysis of crew sizes suggests that this is the type of boat referred to in the Gospels in use among Jesus' disciples as well as that used by the Jews against the Romans in the nautical Battle of Migdal in CE 67. This humble vessel is, thus, a remarkable porthole into the past providing a clearer view of the Galilean seafaring that forms the backdrop to both Jesus' ministry and the Battle of Migdal.

In February 2000, 14 years after its excavation, the boat moved to its permanent home in a new wing of the Yigal Allon Centre, which is devoted to the story of man in the Galilee.

Submitted by Fred Winters, Garden, MI



Information Wanted...

Folbot Sailing Mods?

I noted that you had an old Folbot super for sale a while ago. I purchased one a few years back and considered replacing the skin. Way too much trouble. So I took it off to check all the wooden ribs. Many were broken where they had the brass screws pass through. I bought a 20' length of clear fir and ripped new ribs. Replaced them all and then did a "sort of" lofting to create panels out of lauan plywood. I then removed the interior frames and ground down the ribs after using epoxy fillets to join it all together. I now have a wooden boat in the Folbot shape. Doesn't look too bad. Sheathed in fabric, it looks to

be pretty rugged. Overall weight went up to about 120lbs over the original 85-90lbs. I think it is not a bad trade-off.

Now for my question, I liked sailing the old Folbot and still have the sail rig. I am considering putting a centerboard trunk in and using one of the leeboards for the centerboard. Would that work, or should I increase the size of the centerboard? Or is this just a dumb idea and should I stick with the leeboards? If you want to post this question that would be fine. I came to this game late in life and know little. Plus, being landlocked with just lakes, I don't have network of people I can contact on small boat subjects.

Joe Cathey, 15922 W. Hollister Hills Dr., Hauser, ID 83854

Opinions...

Boating is a Sport That...

Boating is a sport that attracts and develops colorful personalities in a kaleidoscopic variety. It is a brave stronghold of the individualist in a world slowly leveling to sameness. In boating there are as many opinions as there are people, and said people are ready to discuss their opinions at any time of the day or night, with spirit but without rancor, with firmness but without anger.

Boating is a world of strong convictions. A man will defend unto death the cut of a jib, the shape of a stem, his favorite stove, or bottom paint.

Boating is the sport of action in summer and of conversation in winter, but it is always fun, and the frightfully dull it knows at no time.

Boating has a climate of honesty and sincerity because the sea rapidly leaches out all that is weak and false... and no man can fool himself or others for long.

Boating is noted for easy but lasting friendships, and it is certainly the home of an egalitarian society because surely the prince and the pauper look alike scraping the bottom of a boat and their stature is determined solely by their ability with a boat.

Boating is a family sport, yet for those who crave solitude a boat is the quickest and surest way of reaching it. Boating is many things to many men (and women!) but nothing in the boating world is for nothing, hence it offers the deep satisfaction of achievement to all who follow it.

Boris Lauer-Leonardi, Editor, *The Rudder*, December, 1959 Vol. 75, No. 12 (Submitted by Sharon Brown)

Taken Leave of My Senses?

Have you taken leave of your senses? I am referring to your poor editorial judgement and lack of common sense to publish Brian Salzano's despicable book review on *Exploring East End Waters* in the June issue.

He begins with no less than 16 paragraphs of the most reprehensible bashing of anyone or anyplace that I have ever read! And this before he even gets to the heart of reviewing the book. If I were Mike Bottini, and thank God I am not, I would be furious to have my name associated with such nonsense. Nothing, absolutely nothing, Salzano wrote about Bottini's book can be trusted. Publishing Salzano's review did a disservice to both Bottini and your readers.

The First Amendment may provide for the exercise of free speech. However, in what form and what manner that speech is exercised separates the good from the ugly. I prefer good reviews and good editorial judgement, both of which were sadly absent.

Ralph Notaristefano, Northport, NY

Editor Comments: Gee, Ralph, Brian liked the book and recommended it. What he goes over the top about is the destruction of the environment of Long Island by swarming developers. Hard to fault him for that.

Non-Tracking Dinghy is Best

The proof of a good magazine is the re-reading, and while doing that I fastened onto a letter about towing a dinghy, how to tow it, and what is a good towing dinghy. Good tracking seemed to be desirable. I have towed some and lost some and would like to chip in my two bits worth of experience.

I think that a non-tracking dinghy is a good towing dinghy!

For several years I towed a round bottomed 9' pram on the coast of Norway, often in rough conditions. The towing vessel was a large schooner so there was no measurable effect on the speed. The dink led a rough life, was often swamped, and sometimes even used as a fender, unintentionally, of course.

It became so battered that finally we had to fiberglass it. To ease the job we removed the skeg and left out the stern seat. Voila! We suddenly had the perfect towing dinghy that was happy on the end of a towline. All tracking was gone and it skittered hither and thither like a puppy on a leash and stayed in our wake. No stumbling over a skeg or keel in rough seas, consequently no capsizing or side pulls on the tow line.

Sometimes in rough seas the towline fouled the tholepins and the dink just came along sideways until we or the sea cleared the line from the tholepins. Once it actually landed on top of the bulwark and went back in with a complete pirouette and settled in our wake.

When it took in too much water we just pulled it up short, let go, and as the towline yanked taut, most of the water sloshed out of the raked transom. There was no stern seat to trap the water.

On a big motorboat I was once rammed and holed by a well-tracking dinghy that suddenly started planing and caught up with me. It is not always possible to adjust the towing line to the right length.

A tugboat skipper of my acquaintance was rammed and seriously damaged by a tow that refused to yield to a sideways pull on the hawser. Good tracking!

My present dink is an absolutely non-tracking tubby pram and it serves its purpose admirably.

And, incidentally, so does your magazine. *Messing About in Boats* is rewarding, whether actually doing it or just reading about it.

There was also recent favorable mention of that good stuff, tallow. It is good for more than just lubricating lanyards and oar leathers and the handlead.

I have always messed about in old and leaky boats and always keep a tin of tallow handy to stop leaks, even pretty serious ones. It is the only stuff I know of that can be worked into a wet seam and stay there for quite a long time.

There are lots of seam compounds that supposedly can be used underwater, but

when reading the directions it always says that the seam must be dry and clean. Tallow does not have this reservation. It should be tallow from pigs, as ox or sheep tallow tends to be crumbly if it is not warmed.

A lump of old bacon is also handy if you have a mast, a rubdown with the bacon makes the hoops or lacings slide easier.

Ants Lepson, Arendal, Norway

This Magazine...

Why We Write

We submit stories because we are interested in the varied aspects of boats and boating. And we are not, for the most part, trained writers. We do like to talk (write) about our experiences and knowledge. We also like to read about what others have to say as well. And who cares if it isn't perfect? We are just folks doing what we have a passion for and write it the way we talk to one another. We also have an editor who found a niche in the boating publication world and found a format that seems to work.

We are not all skilled boat builders. Some, most of us, never will be. Most are building a one-time project. Developing better building skills are not always necessary. The same can be said of many of the contributing writers. Many write of their experiences, never having written anything before and, likely as not, it will be the only writing attempted. Messers write the only way we know how, right or wrong.

Our editor, with many years of experience in publication and writing, has the confidence and security to print what we write the way we submit it. His hands-off approach is what works. *Messing About* is best read, written, and likely edited for what it is, fun. We are all messers and we want and need all of you who are interested in the endeavors of our waterborne passion, be it reading the pages, writing the story, building the boats, selling the products, taking the cruise, reporting the news, even offering constructive criticism. It all adds up to make our unique boating world go round.

We have an out-of-the-ordinary, out-of-the-mainstream, outside-the-box business, hobby, or area of interest that causes us to be passionate in our beliefs and ideas, based on our experience, education, information, and influence. I think highly of any and all who contribute to or simply enjoy reading this remarkably unique magazine. Team, family, kindred spirits, are terms that come to mind instantly when I think of the unique people who are the messers. The company is very good outside the mainstream. Happy sails to you all.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Absolutely Unique

I love the magazine though it is a bit specialized for what I have to do as a tree farmer in the Sierra Nevada. *MAIB* is absolutely unique, as far as I can tell, in the annals of world periodicals though, and my congratulations to you for keeping up such a fascinating little magazine that keeps its focus on such a useful and specific scale. The size of it all is just right. I paddle a 13' cedar strip Wee Lassie but lately haven't gotten out nearly enough.

Gary Snyder, Nevada City, CA

A Wonderful Experience

It has been a wonderful experience for me to see three of my Monocacy Canoe Club stories in the last two issues of the magazine. And it continues to amaze me how well you are doing with your tight schedule of publication.

In my editorship days with the MCC, some 25 years of it, there were only four issues per year, but like yours they were always full of photographs. Only on my whitewater kayak trips would you find me without my camera and its 35-105 zoom lens. And speaking of kayaks, my kudos to you for your kayak stories with your special kayaking friend.

Just to make sure my MCC friends are aware of *MAIB*, I am making copies of these stories with pointed reference to *MAIB* to send to many of my still-active friends. Having been the chief founder of the MCC back in 1962, I find it most satisfying to discover how many of my era-paddlers are still paddling. And I was already 40 years old when I got my first canoe.

Especially in the early editions when it was difficult to include photographs, it was a distinct pleasure to have my son Rick draw cartoons that could easily be inserted in those mimeograph days. And his wonderful sense of humor certainly exceeded mine in terms of form, content, and comment. He also greatly exceeded his father since he took my calculus course as a high school student and is now the chief actuary for Uncle Sam's medicare-medicaid systems.

Wally Foster, Iowa City, IA

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The Jim Richardson Boat Book

Ocean World Publishing Co.
ISBN 0960977228
Edited by Robert C Keith
Illustrated by Ellen Corrdry

Reviewed by Mike Moore

While looking around the Richardson Maritime Museum in Cambridge, Maryland, I came across *The Jim Richardson Boat Book*. I wasn't expecting much when I started looking through its soft-covered, heavily illustrated 108 pages. I've worn out copies of books by most of the well-known writers so I have a good background in boat design and construction. What I found in *The Jim Richardson Boat Book*, though, was something special.

Jim Richardson was a descendent of Chesapeake Bay boat builders whose roots dated to the Baltimore area of the late 1600s. Richardson made a living in Cambridge repairing the skipjacks of the Maryland oyster fleet and building one or two yachts a year to order. When he "retired" he became involved in the construction of replica ships such as the recently decommissioned *Adventure* in South Carolina, Maryland's *Dove*, and his yard formed new masts for the *USS Constellation* in Baltimore. Maritime historian Howard Chapelle was a neighbor and friend, Richardson built Chapelle's small skipjack *Sweepstakes*.

"The first boat I ever built for myself was exactly like a hog trough. Whenever I put it over it would leak. It lasted one season. Later on I shared the workbench with my father. I had him with me until he was in his 90s. Even then he would come by two or three times a week, scan what I was doing, and cough. That cough meant you were headed for disaster..."

The book is laid out in an interview format so you're hearing the voice of Richardson as he relates his boat building experience. The book is a good read, reminiscent of the works of Pete Culler and Sam Rabl. Anyone having a boating background will enjoy the barbs he throws at designers (notably Howard Chapelle) while picking up local lore and insights on vessel integrity and maintenance. A newcomer would appreciate the sketches on sailing vessel nomenclature, rigging, balance, and performance, directly addressing the working craft of the Bay region.



Ralph Stanley Tales of a Maine Boatbuilder

By Stanley with Craig Milner
Down East Books - \$25
ISBN: 0-89272-642-3
Hardcover 160 Pages
100 B&W Photos & Drawings

Reviewed by Captain Gnat

This is a delightful book. The writing is simple and straightforward. One of the wonderful surprises here is how an entirely mundane life becomes extraordinary. Something's special here, an autobiography that isn't ego-centric. Stanley comes across as a reasonably humble man and co-author Milner has seemingly managed to bring us the man as he is. Stanley recounts his experiences simply and conveys a sense of his own time and place. This is a powerful book without hardness or force.

Stanley's just a guy who likes designing and building wooden boats, mostly workboat types like lobster boats and Friendship Sloops. There used to be plenty of guys just like him. He's 75 years old. His life spans from the end of the wooden boat era to the present plastic pestilence. Sail powered wooden boats have been used for thousands of years. He describes wooden boats as having a life in them and in this he is correct. There is a dreadful parallel here to Joseph Conrad, whose experience spanned the end of the age of sail to the steam era. Conrad commented that any mariner from any time or any place could look at a painting of a maritime scene and understand it because his experience was essentially the same. The age of steam put an abrupt end to that. The same is true for wooden to plastic boats. There's an abrupt end to the common experience.

There's some fascinating stuff here. He describes a near death experience during a bout with pneumonia. His eccentric aunt Alice was pretty good. He remembers how he and his seven sisters and parents lived with grandmother in her house. He describes how gracious the old aristocrats were who summered there. This guy doesn't afflict us with opinions about issues, he makes his points by relating his experience.

He plays the fiddle. He was part of a couple of groups that played for fun. When they got popular a couple of people felt they should get paid, so arguments ensued and it got to be no good. He describes how the bank wanted to refinance his notes at 19.75%. Some people in town had their eyes on his property. He tells it without resentment. He relates how the men in town would spend an hour or so each night talking down at the barber shop or gas station after supper, telling their experiences. That ended when TV came in. Think about that for a minute.

He notices the differences in the current generation of boatbuilders who just don't stay in it long. He's a simple guy. His advice to would be boat builders is, "Just build a boat. Just begin." He doesn't ladle on the advice.

Of course, the thing that will attract most readers is the direct boat stuff, wood boat stuff. There's plenty here and from a unique perspective. So read this book for whatever reason. It's sure to delight.

Book Reviews

The central theme of the book is Richardson walking through his construction of his own small bugeye, *Jenny Norman*, starting with a carved model and progressing through design, construction, launching, and fitting out:

"Every boat begins with a dream. There you are in bed with your feet sticking out of the bottom of the covers dreaming of all these boats going by. After a while you will settle on the very one and it will be standing there in bright lights."

He originally wanted to build a Chesapeake sloop, none of which were then in existence. Richardson recalled conversations with Bay captains and settled on a bug-eye rig instead and recommends the Bermuda rig over gaff rig so as to be less labor intensive.

Richardson describes how he develops the full-sized sawn frames from his model, using a grid system and a batten to transfer the shape to the stock. He doesn't cut himself any slack, pointing out that some of the frames had to be shimmed and admitting that the boat is 3/4" wider on one side, things happen in boat building. He is up front about building your own boat:

"Just a word of caution. The actual building of a boat is not exactly a thing to run after. If anybody is going into it for the pleasure they would get out of the work on it, they would be someone who had not earned their livelihood in a boat yard."

He next covers planking and decking, giving tips on how a 70-year old retiree goes about the project essentially single-handed. He goes on to designing the living space, pointing the different priorities between men and women:

"There's a big sailboat here on the creek that has big lockers on each side of her and each one holds a pickup truck full of beer. They sleep on top of those things and it works rather nicely. But that boat is not rigged for women at all."

Richardson completed *Jenny Norman* in the mid 1980s, around the time this book was first published. Copies of the book are available from the Richardson Museum, \$12.95 plus postage. Better yet, stop by the museum, pick up a copy, and enjoy looking through their world-class collection of ship models, boat building tools, waterman's artifacts, photographs, and displays depicting Cambridge, Maryland's, maritime heritage.

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Heavy rain at times thinned the crowd at the beach but the truly addicted toughed it out.

It was raining hard, very hard, as we headed for Mystic Seaport on June 3, our 21st year attending the Small Craft Workshop since 1979 (we missed a few in the '90s). We had our rain gear with us, but the way it has been coming down in this record spring for rain here in the northeast (17" of rain in our neighborhood in May, a record!) we held out little hope for an upbeat gathering at the Seaport. However, the rain abated as we neared Mystic and for the rest of the day it was intermittent light rain so the assembled multitude were out there on the beach, the docks, and the water messing about in the 60 boats that turned out this year.

This year Pete Culler and his designs were the focus of the workshop, as the Seaport had only recently acquired Pete's original fully restored Butternut double paddle lapstrake sailing canoe which was on display under cover in the boatshed adjacent to the beach and docks. Lunchtime featured speaker John Burke, a friend of Culler's from long ago, was unable to get away from his duties as a ferryboat skipper in Maine, so namesake (but no relation) Geoff Burke came down from his New Hampshire hideaway, where he builds traditional lapstrake double paddle canoes, to discuss the type for the workshop.

I could not help but recall the loyal Culler friends George Kelley and John Roche, the "Hyannis Mafia," who dominated the local TSCA focus in the '80s and kept the Culler flag flying with their canoes and reminiscing and memorializing of Pete at bygone workshops. George has been gone several years now, I haven't heard about John. Pete was gone before I got into this game. He had a sense of humor, it appears, I recall the boat he donated to the Seaport many years ago, painted purple. He always wanted to paint a boat purple, it seems.

Double paddle propelled boats were everywhere. I counted about 20 amongst the

The John Gardner Small Craft Workshop

By Bob Hicks

60 boats that participated. That number, by the way, was up ten over the 2005 gathering, while total attendance, according to organizer Peter Vermilya, was down. Despite the ebb and flow of attendance yearly in the face of ever rising costs, the workshop remains but a pale shadow of what it once was in the early days. A 1972 *National Fisherman* report I have tells of more than 350 persons attending, including many well-known builders and designers of traditional craft, with over 100 boats. A generation has passed on, including Gardner himself, and with them some of the inspiration, it seems.

Only four boats harked back to the '70s, which now represents "long ago" I guess. The Seaport had a Chaisson dory skiff built in 1974 on the docks for participant use. Kevin Rathbone brought his 17' Culler wherry he built in 1976 on its 30th visit. Bob Wolfertz brought his fiberglass Bart Hawthaway Rob Roy canoe Bart built for him in 1977, the first non-wooden boat accepted as a participant back then with special dispensation from John Gardner (see sidebar). And Ben Fuller brought his 15' Delaware Ducker built by Lance Lee's Apprenticeship in 1978.

In the absence of Karen Seo's 7' Bolger catboat (which had some problem unresolvable in time), the smallest boat was Ken Benson's 8' double paddle kayak designed for kids and the largest was the 38' Bantry Bay gig from New York's Floating the Apple whose founder (still exuberant with undiminished enthusiasm) Mike Davis expounded to me on his plans for even more gigs in even more ports on the Hudson River and elsewhere.

Local writer Steve Jones reputedly had his 14' electric launch on hand but I looked in vain for it. I did see Steve briefly but didn't get to ask about his boat's whereabouts. There were three skin-on-frame boats there, Hilary Russell had two of them, his own designed 13'8" double paddle canoe and an Eric Schade designed 11'8" double paddle canoe. The third was Ross Miller's own designed and built 11'2" decked canoe. Glued lap plywood was the most popular form of construction with 17 boats by my count from the entry register.

The evening program featured John Tichenor from Jersey City, New Jersey, who would tell of his adventures in his 15' skiff travelling down the ICW in installments. We didn't stay, not because of lack of interest, but because of the drive home that lay ahead of us through what turned out to be more of the downpours we had experienced enroute to the workshop. Driving home after John's talk in the dark in driving rain on 195 with all the road spray was not a driving experience I wanted to face, but by leaving right after dinner we got home just as night fell. Staying over, as I have reported before, is no longer an option with \$150 motel fees and two night minimum weekend reservations required now in the feeding frenzy generated by the nearby Indian gambling casino.

Judging from the number of campers at the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival each October, it is my opinion that attendance would be greatly enhanced were Mystic to offer overnight camping on the grounds. There's plenty of room for it with all necessary facilities right to hand. Peter Vermilya tells us that many useful suggestions were offered at a meeting of participants interested in the future well being of the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop on Sunday. Perhaps some resolution of the excessive overnight costs would build attendance?



Pete Culler's original Butternut lapstrake sailing skiff had just been donated to the Seaport and thus was chosen as the focus of this year's workshop.



Bill Graham of Rowing Sport conducted a workshop on sliding seat rowing in a traditional small pulling boat.



Father and son Eben and Michael Hearn of Dover, New Hampshire, with their home-built Tom Hill Charlotte double paddle canoes.



This years' one day wonder project afloat, propulsion by unusual snow shovel oars.

Don Betts on the tiller takes out a pick up crew in the Floating the Apple Bantry Bay Gig.





Double paddle boats abounded this year.

“Handiest boat here,” stated workshop organizer Peter Vermilya as he got underway in this simple flat bottom skiff.

Creating so lovely and curvaceous a craft from straight pieces of wood is a marvelous craft, one which this annual workshop celebrates.

A melding of a modern hi tech windsurfer rig and a traditional hull.



The Boats at the Small Craft Workshop

Owner Designed & Built

Boat	Construction	Built	Owner/Address
8'0" Double Paddle Kayak	Ply	'05	Ken Benson, Southbury, CT
11'0" Touring Kayak	Ply	'01	R.W. Sparks, Branford, CT
11'2" Decked Canoe	Skin/Frame	'05-'06	Ross Miller, W. Mystic, CT
12'0" Kayak	Ply	'03	Ken Benson, Southbury, CT
13'8" Double Paddle Canoe	Skin/Frame	'01	Hilary Russell, Sheffield, MA
15'0" Gunning Dory	FG	'05	Roger Crawford, Humarock, MA
17'9" West Greenland Kayak	FG	'05	Dan Sheehan Kingston, MA
N/A Chaisson Dory Skiff	N/A	'74	Mystic Seaport, Mystic, CT

Owner Built

Boat	Construction	Built	Designer	Owner/Address
7'0" Catboat	Glued Lap Ply	'04	Phil Bolger	Karen Seo, Arlington, MA
9'6" Nutshell Pram	Ply/Epoxy	'96	Joel White	John Thew, Norfolk, CT
11'2" Shellback Dinghy	Glued Lap Ply	'98	Joel White	Carl Kaufmann, Mystic, CT
11'2" Shellback Dinghy	Glued Lap Ply	'01-'02	Joel White	Frank Stauss Jr., Sewell, NJ
11'2" Double Paddle Canoe	Glued Lap Ply	'99	Tom Hill	Eben Hearn, Dover, NH
11'6" Double Paddle Canoe	Glued Lap Ply	'94	Tom Hill	Michael Hearn, Dover, NH
11'7" Columbia Dinghy	Glued Lap Ply	'04	Herreshoff/White	Nathan Rome, Winchester, MA
11'7" Skiff	Stitch & Glue	N/A	Sam Devlin	Dave Niles, N. Haven, CT
11'8" Double Paddle Canoe	Skin/Frame	'06	Eric Schade	Hilary Russell, Sheffield, MA
12'2" Sailing Skiff	Glued Lap Ply	'90	Wm. Chamberlain	Phillip Kendrick, S. Berwick, ME
12'0" Rob Roy Canoe	Tape Seam Ply	'90	John Smith	Dean Matthews, Doylestown, PA
12'0" Rob Roy Canoe	Lapstrake Ply	'05	Bart Hawthaway	Bob Wolfertz, Rosemont, NJ
13'0" Sailing Pram	Trad. Lapstrake	'03-'04	Traditional	Thad Danielson, Marblehead, MA
13'0" Double Paddle Canoe	Glued Lap Ply	'87	Pete Culler	Myron Young, Laurel, NY
13'4" Melon Seed	Glued Lap Ply	'91-'92	Mark Barto	Duncan Hay, W. Roxbury, MA
13'6" Sailing Canoe	Glued Lapstrake	'90	Iain Oughtred	Tom Papell, Dix Hills, NY
14'0" Sail/Row Boat	Taped Seam Ply	'06	Jim Michalak	Andrew Anderson, Haworth, NJ
14'5" Skiff	Ply/Epoxy	'92	John Lockwood	John Tichernor, Jersey City, NJ
15'0" Sailing Skiff	N/A	'95	Pete Culler	Mystic Seaport, Mystic, CT
15'4" Six Hour Canoe	Ply/Epoxy	N/A	Mike O'Brien	Greg DeCowsky, Earleville, MD
15'8" S. Jersey Beach Skiff	Lapstrake Ply	'05-'06	Traditional	Stephen Dwyer, Merrimac, MA
16'0" NJ Melonseed,	N/A	'05-'06	John Brady	Carl Weissinger, Cheltenham, PA
16'6" Sailing Canoe	Cedar Strip	'02	Unknown	Myron Young, Laurel, NY
16'7" S. Jersey Beach Skiff	Glued Lap Ply	'06	Traditional	David McCulloch, Old Lyme, CT
17'0" Adirondack Guideboat	Cedar Strip	'92	Rushton	William Maher, Granville, MA
17'0" Wherry	Cedar Lapstrake	'76	Pete Culler	Kevin Rathbone, Larchmont, NY
17'4" Otter	Cedar Lapstrake	'06	Pete Culler	John Parker, Austin, TX
18'0" Kayak	N/A	'06	CLC	Michael Sturgess Jr., Grand Isle, VT
18'0" Yawl	Ply/Epoxy	'04	Iain Oughtred	Andrew Kitchen, Rochester, NY
38'0" Bantry Bay Gig	Plank on Frame	'99	French 1799	Lee Scarborough, Harwichport, MA

The Rest of the Fleet

Boat	Construction	Built	Designer	Builder	Owner
10'6" Canoe	FG	'96	Andy Wolfe	Upper Deck Boats	Ronald Gibbs, Paoli, PA
12'0" Rob Roy Canoe	FG	'77	Bart Hawthaway	Bart Hawthaway	Bob Wolfertz, Rosemont, NJ
12'6" Double Paddle Canoe	Glued Lap Ply	'98	Rob Stevens	Ken Clark	Liz Rutherford, Metuchen, NJ
13'6" Blue Jay	N/A	N/A	S&S	N/A	Ken Tweed, Williamstown, NJ
14'0" Electric Launch	N/A	'03	Theron Creery	Mystic River Boat	Stephen Jones, Mystr, CT
14'10" Flat Iron Skiff	Carvel	'55	Stanley Skrzypiec	Stanley Skrzypiec	Rodger Swanson, Windsor, CT
15'0" Delaware Ducker	Cedar on Oak	'78	N/A	Apprenticeshop	Ben Fuller, Cushing, ME
15'0" Delaware Ducker	Glue Lap Ply	'95	N/A	Workshop/Water	Pete Peters, Washington Xing, PA
15'0" Guideboat	Wood/Canvas	'30s	Thompson Boat	Thompson Boat	Richard Butz, Hamburg, NY
15'0" Gypsy	Ply	'01	Phil Bolger	Harold Young	Mike Wick, Moorestown, NJ
15'0" Marsh Cat 15	Cold Molded	'04	Joel White	Big Pond Boats	Douglass Oeller, Germantown, MD
15'0" Sailing Skiff	Trad. Lapstrake	'83	Howard Mittleman	North River Boats	Dave Niles, N. Haven, CT
16'0" Pulling Boat	Molded Kevlar	N/A	Rob Pittaway	Golden Era Boats	Warren Sherburne, Newport, RI
17.0" ACA Sailing Canoe	FG	N/A	ACA	Mohawk Canoe	William Covert, Doylestown, PA
19'5" Light Dory	Ply/FG	'05	Phil Bolger	Bob Fuller	Larry Burns, Westerly, RI
21'0" CROPC 123	Glued Lap Ply	'96	Jon Persson	CROPC	John Stratton, Old Saybrook, CT
21.0" CROPC 123	Glued Lap Ply	'95	Jon Persson	River School	Geoffrey Conklin, Old Lyme, CT
N/A Atkins Skiff	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	Mystic Seaport, Mystic, CT
N/A Chamberlain Skiff	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	Mystic Seaport, Mystic, CT
N/A Seaford Skiff	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	Hal Koch, New Windsor, NY

Twenty-five years ago I bought Bart Hawthaway's 12' Rob Roy Nomad double paddle canoe and paddled it all over the place. I asked Bart if I could buy the mold. No, would take no money but let me have it (mold/design/right to build), "Bob, go see what you can do with it, just always give me credit for the design."

I built a few other canoes (also Bart's designs and molds), come to find so far that pails of resin and rolls of fiberglass cloth are not my thing, nor is a house reeking of polyester resin.

I found my way to Eric Schade, who operates as Shearwater Boats (shearwater-boats.com), who had worked out a plywood lapstrake stitch-and-glue construction technique. Using some key lines I had taken off the fiberglass Rob Roy and his wizard-like experience with CAD, he drew up plans in 1/8-scale and handed over a scaled layout for a six plank hull.

With help from a nearby bamboo fly rod maker, Tom Abbott (a first rate craftsman and fellow who has one sharp eye for fairing

My Rob Roy Canoe Project

By Bob Wolfertz



The original Rob Roy scale model rests on the foredeck of the finished prototype.

lines) I assembled a model to see how things looked in 3-D.

Eric then had his shop guy cut out the full size planks and deck using the CAD file data to run the shop's CNC cutting machine. I stitched up and glued the planks, again with the aid of Tom's lazer guided vision, fitted the deck, worked out a cockpit coaming, etc., etc., and that is the full size 12' wooden canoe that I brought to the Gardner Small Craft gathering at Mystic Seaport in early June.

I am now working on a second prototype with seven strakes per side, maybe more in scale with the small canoe. I hope to make up the whole project into a kit to be for sale to others who might wish to build their own Rob Roy canoes. I may try to build a few myself to order if there is an opportunity and may try to run some classes for folks to attend and build some together.

I was asked by someone at Mystic if the plywood lapstrake canoe was a Hawthaway design. "Yes, sir, it is!" I feel like Bart's laughing down at me now as if to say, "you come close, damn close."

My original Bart built fiberglass Rob Roy in foreground, my six lap stitch-and-glue version behind.



Remembering Bart in the Rob Roy he built for me so long ago.



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Cortez, Florida, is about halfway down the west, or Gulf, coast of the state and sits just about where a smart fisherman might put a 19th century fishing village. It's on the mainland, sheltered by a barrier island, near the mouth of a bay, a river, and a permanent inlet. The village is within a slow day's sail of the old railhead that is north of here in Tampa, up at the head of Tampa Bay. Like other early settlements on this low lying coast, it was built mostly on an Indian shell mound, though most of that was long ago used to make a road bed across the marsh that isolated the village from the rest of the mainland. Before they flattened out the mound a small sharpie schooner called a Run Boat was the primary source of communications between Cortez and the world.

The original part of the village is very small, having hardly outgrown the footprint established by the eight pioneer families who settled the area around 1880 after migrating down from my old home up near Beaufort, North Carolina. If you include the entire peninsula that Cortez sits on there are about 5,000 souls in the whole village, including the folks who live on the north side of Cortez Road. The newer places there are the types of "houses" you either dream of owning or despise as being "McMansions" that consume too much of everything, including the waterfront. While that side of Cortez Road looks like most of the rest of modern Florida, the south side is still a real Florida fishing village and a lot of the villagers are descendants of those original, hardworking fisherfolk who came here to "escape the hurricanes" that regularly hit Carteret County, North Carolina. Guess in this century the joke might be on them somewhat, at least so far.

I mention all of that because Cortez was the site for the first ever Great Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival. The festival was organized by the fledgling Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez and the Florida Gulf Coast Traditional Small Craft Association. The Florida Maritime Museum is a joint effort of the Florida Institute for Saltwater Heritage (F.I.S.H.), the Manatee County Department of Historic Resources (organized under the Clerk of Courts in Manatee County), and the Cortez Village Historical Society. Sponsors for the event included the Manatee Convention and Visitor's Bureau and Sunrise Sails of Palmetto Florida.

WoodenBoat Magazine might be added to that list because it gave us a really cut rate deal on what would otherwise have been some impossibly expensive ads. The ads in

The Great Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival

(The Official Report)

Traditional Small Craft as a Cultural Weapon or Why the Great Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival was "Great"

By Roger B. Allen, Florida Maritime Museum, Cortez, Florida

MAIB cost about what such things should cost in the world that most boat builders live in, by the way. The hosts for the festival were John Banyas, owner of the N.E. Taylor Boatworks, and his lovely mother, Patty, proprietress of the Bayside Banquet Hall. John is a fourth generation Cortezian, a boat builder, and a fisherman, and he and his staff generously put the whole boatyard at our disposal for the weekend of the festival.

Well, now it's time to 'fess up, as folks in Carteret County, North Carolina, might say. The first ever Great FGSCF (FUGSCUFF as it has already been dubbed) was all about deviousness. The reason for its existence was not mostly to provide a venue for "messers" to have fun together in small boats, though I think there was a bunch of fun had here. It wasn't all just about the preservation of traditional small craft by providing a place and an event to attract people and expose them to the wonders of traditional wooden boats, though a lot of people sure were attracted and got exposed. It wasn't even about us having a chance to show off the great boats our volunteers and master boat builder Bob Pitt have been building and restoring with such determination for the last two years, though there were some bunches of ooohs and aaahhs about some of those boats. Nope, it wasn't just about any of that stuff.

I do confess that at the last Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum our crew came in like a plague of yellow Florida locusts with a devious purpose that was all about FUGSCUFF. No fewer than 20 of us made the 20-hour trek up from Florida towing eight wooden boats to enter, and compete, in every category we could. We, in our bright yellow t-shirts, were a presence with a FUGSCUFF agenda. We came like industrial spies with note pads, digital cameras, open eyes, and a fearsome desire to pick every brain, steal every good idea, find every weakness, and kidnap every

single boat owner we could to take a successful festival back to Cortez.

It's all about Cortez and Cortez is exactly what I said it is, a small Florida fishing village. The thing that makes it so very special is that the villagers have seen what has happened all around them in Florida with folks making big bucks by "selling Paradise a yard at a time" and they haven't bought into it. They are fighting money hungry developers to preserve the physical village and the whole traditional real waterfront way of life that is so much a part of the substantial fabric and essence of this special place.

Our Festival was created to help Cortez in its preservation fight and everyone who (thankfully) came was an unwitting soldier in that fight. The goal was to have a beautiful event with traditional small craft in the unique Florida setting that is all of Cortez. We wanted our visitors to see an alternative to the glitz and supersized world that the rest of Florida is becoming. We hope that the festival will grow and be successful so that they'll see that everything about traditional small craft and the type of place Cortez is, is human scale, traditional, on the water, and real fun. This is an event where a smile and a hug are appropriate and where we messabout low down and close to the water. This is an event where nobody should come to compare what we all have, or do not have, in our wallets.

Now is it apparent why the deviousity was necessary? If we'd come up to the MASCF, got up on our soap boxes and said, "Hey, y'all, come protest this great cultural wrong that is being perpetrated around. Join with your real brothers and sisters to fight the military industrial complex..." and so on, I'd have heard something like, "Go fer it but, hey, can I take yer Abaco Dinghy out for a sail?" Hence, the bodacious deviousity.

Keeping that in mind, it might seem appropriate that the event was held on April 1 but it isn't. April is actually one of the best months in Florida. Temperatures are just about Paradisical. Winds are as our ads described them, balmy and fragrant. I think the general feeling is that we gave the best post-winter weather a Yankee could ever have. Weather was perfect for both days with the perfect 10-12 mphs of crystal clear, blue-sky, balmy breezes that Florida has to offer on a Gulf Coast spring.

Another thing we did perfectly was that our hostess, Patty Banyas, cooked up what was a truly magnificent "mess o' grouper" for our seafood banquet. Seafood IS what Cortez is all about, so how could Patty do

less? This was right off the boat fresh and excellent and we will be serving it up again next year if "the fates are willing and the ocean don't rise too fast." Over 180 folks attended the dinner and that number was almost twice what we expected. It isn't that everything was perfect, mind you, because there were some glitches that the more experienced festival hands might have been aware of, but for a "first ever," or inaugural, event it really was something fun.

We did have a 68 boat showing of excellent craftsmanship, design, human scale, skinny water friendly, rowable, paddleable, lovely, manageable, pretty able, low impact boats at the show, though there was a general agreement that we want more boat builder exhibitors ashore for next year. Like most such events there was a small, over-extended staff, of two in our case, and then a whole host of really great volunteers who came together to make the show work. We aren't lucky enough to have someone on the staff as great as Robin Newburg (and I share everyone's shock that she isn't there anymore!) at Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum to assume the hands-on, day-to-day management of the event but we muddled through because we do have such a great crew who volunteered to help us with this first ever thing.

In fact, the first folks who showed up for the great event on Wednesday came to the doors of our madhouse temporary Florida Maritime Museum headquarters and immediately started volunteering. So did the second and third pairs of couples. The whole "Great" thing came about as a result of that kind of participation. The show belonged to everybody who came and we all gave it to each other as a gift among friends. That is how things are done in Cortez, by the way.

The festival was held at Johnny Banyas's N.E. Taylor Boatworks yard next door to the Maritime Museum's nearly restored 1912 Cortez Schoolhouse building. The Taylor Boatworks sits at the end of a deep channel that cuts across the face of Cortez, connecting it with the rest of Anna Maria Sound. The sound gets lots of fresh seawater streaming in from the two inlets that flush it and in April the water is clear to the shallow sandy bottom. Just off the Cortez foreshore are two keys and an area that is known as "The Kitchen" because in hard times you could always wade out and find something fresh for dinner, from scallops to oysters, clams, crabs, or fish caught with a caste net. The two to three feet of water around the area was plenty for most of the boats at the festival, though at low tide when the water dropped by a foot there was some sand showing for anyone who wanted it.

Larry Page and Florida Gulf Coast TSCA President Charlie Canniff organized the paddle races and they worked very well. Winners were awarded certificates for placing "First Among Many to Circumnavigate far Kitchen Key through Mastery of the Blade." The sailboat race committee headed up by innocent and venerable Wil Freid had the usual difficulties but made sure that no one was actually sure who won, or lost, in each of the three classes that "raced" round the buoys. Few people appreciate the difficulties and subtleties required to achieve this end result where everyone wins and there are no losers. Local legend Jim Alderman in his lovely spritsail skiff *Skipjack* did take a first in his race, as did my wonderful wife

Michelle and I in one of the Museum's recently restored 14' Abaco Dinghies *Abaco Girl* in the first Way Out Island Regatta.

The Way Out Island Regatta will be another event we want to continue as our local fleet of Abacos dinghies increases. We can gather six now, with two additional boats around that would be worth restoration. They are impressive traditional small boats with no centerboard, the comfortable feel of something much larger, and an uncanny ability to go to windward that deserves serious consideration by boat builders looking for a next project. The Bahamian Cultural Minister has also contacted us in regards to having an exchange program so that we might just be able to bring over some boats from the Bahamas for a real race. This might end up being our version of the Log Canoe races that we get to see at the MASCF, and that is something fun to look out for.

Boat builder Dave Lucas in his brand new Allen/Etheredge designed Lilly L Class 15' melonseed also got a first place of some sort. The *Laylah*, as she is named after Dave's first granddaughter, has proven to be amazingly fast and a joy to sail. There are now four of the melonseed hulls off a mold I built for my own glued lap melonseed that I am slowly building at home. There will probably be more soon because the boats are so pretty, and fun to sail and Dave has the strip plank thing down so well that a completed hull can be popped off the mold in about four days.

The list of other winners is far too long to include. There was a Mac McCarthy award for paddle craft, a George Luzier award for traditional designs in contemporary construction, and a Chips Shore award for the best restoration. These awards, and others, were all named for important people in Florida's fight to save its Maritime Heritage. The races were a lot of fun and just sailing around in such a beautiful place with such an incredible bunch of boats is what this is all about after all.

After dinner speaker, writer, boatbuilder, humorist, philosopher, and waterman Robb White, entertained the whole crowd with stories and anecdotes from his full, rainbow panoply of the written word. He also showed off his amazing Rescue Minor to all and sundry. She is everything he has described her to be and surely deserves the praise of anyone wanting low power with a good turn of speed in skinny water. She's also lovely for a powerboat. For those of you who haven't figured it out, Robb was a genius and that would have made him turn bright red!

Bugs were surprisingly few in the camping area in a small corner of the 100-acre Florida Institute for Saltwater Heritage's (F.I.S.H.) Preserve and the evenings were a nice temperature for sleeping. The site offered a lot for anyone interested in a coastal mangrove wetlands area and by next year our local Boy Scout troop, and work from some restoration grants, will have improved the area even more. F.I.S.H., one of the sponsors for the event, is working to make the place a real coastal nature preserve and it should improve over the coming years in that direction. There'll be lots of room for motor homes (without hook-ups) as well as space for the usual tent village for next year.

Speaking of campers, one of the biggest hits of the show was our four shower stalls. When we learned that renting a six stall portable shower unit was going to cost over \$7,000 for four days, the Museum's hard

working volunteer crew and staff boat builder Bob Pitt and I knocked together our own portable units, complete with hot and cold running water. Having a blue, or star filled evening sky with birds watching from above seemed to have special appeal and we really had a bunch of favorable comments about the showers. They'll be in place again next year.

One of the most successful, and least known, aspects of the inaugural FUGSCUFF was the pre-festival gunk hole trip. Larry Page, again, organized this overnight excursion to Sisters Key, one of the small undeveloped keys in Anna Maria Sound. The campsite was perfect with soft Australian pine needles over sugar sand upon which to make a bed just above the white sand beach. Australian pines have a soft sighing sound when any breeze picks up and the key itself is just inside Jewfish Pass so that breeze is right off the Gulf and fragrant. There is a long sand bar curving off the north end of the key which provided some shelling for the adventurers among other attractions. The area around there feels remote though a really nice small restaurant is a short hop across the sound next to the Long Boat Key community dock. Next year we hope to arrange for a stone crab claw cookout as part of the gunkhole trip and nobody wants to miss that. Plan to come a little early, then.

The success of this event owes a lot to many such festivals that have been organized around the country in the past. The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festivals have distilled the best of the best and come up with a formula that we borrowed from to the point where we could have accurately called this the MASCF South. We were even lucky enough to have several of their Steering Committee members down who very generously gave a critical eye when we asked them to for things we might do to make the next event easier on the organizing crew, and funner for participants. We asked for, and got, a lot of good suggestions for '07. Having many such old friends here was the highlight of the whole event for me.

It surely has become apparent that we intend to do this thing again next year. We'd discussed bumping the date almost a month to the week before the wonderful messabout at Cedar Key (first weekend in May for over 26 years!) so that folks from away might be able to hit both events over a long week. However, input from our local advisors has convinced the Steering Committee that we are risking our weather window and the local fishermen do know the weather patterns on this coast. Early April is finest kind here on the Florida Gulf Coast and later has more chance to be windless, hot, and buggy, or way too windy to be seriously fun. So for now we're sticking with the week after Easter in April.

Maybe we can get those Cedar Key organizers to pull back a couple of weeks and then we can stretch up a week or so, but until you've heard otherwise please mark your calendars for then and plan to bring your boat for the 2nd Annual Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival. There's a lot to see and do in this neck of the woods, it should be a really fun event if this first ever was any measure, and there's an underlying purpose for the event that is very worthy of your support. If you do come, it will be a second Great FUGSCUFF in Cortez 2007.

Planning

The accounts of sailing in Mexico, published recently in *Messing About in Boats*, were really helpful to Tom Cole and I as we planned our own Mexican sailing trip. We found John Sperry's article especially informative and entertaining. Writing up this account of our experience is a payback to this magazine and a chance to relive those fun-filled three weeks.

We googled Gerry Cunningham, as John suggested, and quickly learned that departing and returning from San Carlos would give us a good taste of the Sea of Cortez within a three-week timeframe. San Carlos is about 250 miles down mainland Mexico's west coast. We live in Oklahoma, so beginning or sailing from the mainland of Mexico, instead of from Baja, would mean less driving. Leaving and departing from the same point eliminates the need to figure out return transportation on land.

The Boat

First let me tell you about Tom's boat, a 28' Shearwater. It is a Phil Bolger design which was manufactured in fiberglass by Edey and Duff of Mattapoisett, Massachusetts. This boat was #10 of 11 built. The sailing rig is a cat yawl with sprit boom. The mast steps about 7' aft of the bow. Just aft of the mast step is a hatch from which one can handle the sails standing inside the 4' high cabin. All the way forward in the cabin is another hatch through which one handles the anchors. Those hatches eliminate the need to stand on the deck.

The cockpit is about 7' long and has a gallows in the middle of it. The gallows is used to hold up a bimini that provides shade and also holds the spars when trailering the boat.

Tom, following a tip from Nick Scheuer, another Shearwater owner, has rigged up a gin pole and pulley system that makes lowering the mast easy. This gin pole is operated from the forward hatch and allows one to drop the mast onto the gallows, even when underway in a moderate sea. We lowered the mast every night and that greatly reduced the rolling motion of the hull. Each night we also set three anchors: two in the bow, a la Robb White's Bahama moor, and a stern anchor. The stern anchor is sort of contrary to the purpose of the Bahama moor, but the rollers were typically not from the same direction as the wind so the stern anchor held the bow into the rollers. Once we figured all that out, which was done at 2am

A Sail on the Sea of Cortez

By George Fulk

during the first night, we rested well in a steady boat.

One of the nice features of the Shearwater is the fact that it can be beached. It has a pull-up leeboard on each side and a small centerboard in the bow. The rudder blade can also be pulled up. With everything up the boat only draws about 4" of water. After a long sail it was great to jump onto the beach and go for a nice walk.

San Carlos

San Carlos is a resort community, full of gringos. Even the signs are in English. There are many nice restaurants, motels, gift shops, and three campgrounds. There are two marinas, the largest being the San Carlos Marina, which provides a whole range of services, including dry storage, for \$2/day.

Internet services are available at the marina and at an internet cafe in town. Buoyweather.com gives good five-day forecasts for sailors.

The Trip

We purchased Cunningham's San Carlos cruising guide and charts, which were a great help. His guide includes waypoints for all of the many nice anchorages north of San Carlos. We punched those into our GPS and finding our way around was really easy.

Vagabundos can sell one all the papers one needs to go boating in Mexico. Those include car insurance, boat permit, and fishing license, as well as tourist card. The state of Sonora, where San Carlos is located, is a duty-free zone, so one does not need a temporary import permit for a car if going into only that state.

We took a couple of days to orient ourselves to Mexico. There was a pretty stout wind out of the north for our first two days in San Carlos. We drove out to a beach where we could see the open water, white caps were everywhere. A sailor at the marina told us about his bad experience drifting for five days in a steep chop without power and only a small jury-rigged sail. He had been rescued by the Mexican Navy the day before.

After hearing that tale we decided to wait for gentler winds for our first "blue

water" experience. The winds in the cooler months are typically from the north and can be strong. In May things quiet down and the wind is usually from the southwest. We left San Carlos Marina on April 30 and the only northerly winds we experienced were on the first and fourth days of 12 days on the water.

For the first 35 miles north of San Carlos, the mountains run at an oblique angle to the coast. Each row of mountains extends into the sea and ends in a rugged cliff and forms a nice bay, often with a crescent-shaped beach. All these anchorages are described in detail in Cunningham's cruising guide and shown on his charts. The anchorages are from three to ten miles apart.

As we motored through the San Carlos Marina and basin we were really impressed by the number of big boats there, as well as by the luxurious vacation homes overlooking the water. Nice to see that so many people are doing so well. It takes a lot of poor folk to support all that wealth.

We motored through the mouth of the bay, raised our sails, and there we were sailing in the Sea of Cortez. The water seemed big and our boat small. To my relief the waves were not any bigger than what I had experienced in Lake Huron or on one of the bigger Oklahoma lakes. The winds were blowing about 12kts from the NW. We moved along nicely through the water. After two hours we took stock of where we were and found we had not gone more than a mile to windward; i.e., northwest up the coast. We put the motor on as we wanted to make some progress before it got dark.

We arrived at Caleta Bandito at 4:30pm, in time for exploring the beach and cooking supper before sunset at 6:30pm. We watched fishermen dive with wet suits for lobster. A small compressor provided air through a breathing hose for the divers.

Tom is an experienced traveler and has the art of relaxation honed to a fine edge. When he travels there is none of this "let's hurry up and get moving" attitude. The morning is the best part of the day, so we spent it relaxing and enjoying where we were. Planning a schedule is also not part of the picture. I am in full agreement with these principles, so we got along well, although I do like to know where we are going when we set out. What little planning we did fell to me.

During the next four days we fell into a nice routine, getting up at 6am, eating breakfast (oatmeal, eggs, tacos, fruit), walking on the beach, reading, then taking off about

Magic Dragon at Caleta Bandito.



Lowering mast.



11am. We arrived at an anchorage between 3pm and 5pm and often snorkeled or fished in the evening after a walk on the beach. Winds were light (3-10kts) and from the southwest, so going northwest along the shore was easy. The rollers were usually out of the west, not from the same direction as the wind, which I thought was odd. Our speed on GPS was typically 3kts, although once we hit 5kts.

Going NW along the coast we stayed at the following anchorages: Caleta Bandito, Caleta Venecia, Las Cocinas, and Corralitos. We stayed in Las Cocinas two nights. On the first morning there we took a long walk to the next bay where we saw a small fishing village consisting of huts where fishermen stayed during the week. On weekends most would go home to see their wives and family. We stopped there and asked to buy some fish. They asked if we'd like it cooked. Since we had not had breakfast that sounded good, especially when they added cold beer to the menu. I figured they had some fish left over from breakfast or were going to eat breakfast with us, but that was not the case. They proceeded to cook us a whole meal on the spot. They made us a dish of chopped onions, red peppers, and lettuce which they called "Mexican Flag." These men roughing it without their wives did not keep a really clean kitchen. Tom was very polite and ate the Mexican flag but I begged off.

The next day Tom's lower intestinal tract was reacting badly to those strange bacteria. Luckily I had some Cipro which took care of that problem nicely. Later, when we got back to San Carlos, we renewed our Cipro supply. We needed it, too, when Tom and I and my wife, Mary, all came down with Montezuma's revenge after eating at a taco stand in Alamos.

We had fish several other times, too, mostly fish we caught. We had trigger fish (yummy), yellow tail (very good), and some barracuda type fish that was bony and had mushy meat with no flavor. I also caught a nice Sierra Mackerel, which was a real fighter.

One of our fish dinners was a gift of Yugoslavian man who had immigrated to the U.S., married a Mexicana, and was developing a resort near Corralitos. We met him in the village of Choyodo, which the cruising guide said had no supplies. However, through binoculars we could see a small store sporting a Tecate sign. When we jumped off the boat onto the beach there several people

came up to greet us. What a surprise to meet this interesting man from Yugoslavia. We delegated two small boys to guard the boat while we purchased beer and our new friend secured freshly-caught fish.

The cruising guide said there was no safe anchorage for the 40 miles north of Corralitos until Kino. The coast is just sand dunes with no bays. Also, the sea is very shallow (6' or less) for about two miles out and whitecaps are common in that shallow water. We really did not want to risk a 40-mile run with no weather report, so decided to sail back to San Carlos and trailer the boat up to Kino.

Going southeast we stopped at Las Cocinas, Bahia San Pedro, and Martini Cove. In Bahia San Pedro we shared the anchorage with five big trawlers, which looked to be in pretty rough shape, and a beautiful trimaran. We figured the trimaran belonged to some wealthy movie stars who owned a big home in San Carlos. Turns out it belonged to two retired firemen from San Diego who bought the boat as a hurricane wreck and repaired it. They brought over a coffee pot full of margaritas and gave us a tour of their boat, which they kept in great shape.

Kino Trip

After returning to San Carlos, we trailered the boat about 120 miles north to Kino. This is the jumping-off point for a series of islands that stretch across the Sea of Cortez to Baja. We liked Kino a lot and next time we go to sailing in Mexico we might start there.

Actually there are two Kinos, Old Kino and New Kino. The contrast between them tells you a lot about Mexico. Old Kino was full of people, all poor and living in shacks. Most are fisherman. New Kino was empty and is a strip of big vacation homes along the beach. In New Kino there is a very nice stretch, about ¼-mile long, of public beach. Furthermore, after every fourth house there is an empty lot with a few parking spaces which provides public access to the beach. Busses run from Hermosillo and many people come from there for a day on the beach.

We stayed at El Cactus campground in New Kino, although there are at least three other nice looking private campgrounds. El Cactus was a good, clean place.

At the northwest edge of New Kino we found the boat ramp. There is a dry storage facility there but it is expensive, \$10/day. We were ready to pay this outrageous fee to store our truck and trailer there until we met

Roberto. He operates a launching service. For \$12 he will launch and retrieve a boat with his tractor and store a truck at his house. He has a radio on his tractor. When returning, one calls him on channel 20 and he will have the trailer in the water ready to pull the boat out when one lands.

The gringos in New Kino run a rescue service for boaters. They monitor channel 20 and one can give them a sailing plan and they will monitor progress. Apparently they can pick up radio signals all the way from San Francisco in Baja.

We left the Kino launch ramp and set out for a 17-mile sail to Dog Bay on Tuberón Island. The wind was contrary and light so we motored all the way except for the last few miles. Payback was our return trip which was a nice downwind sail the whole way.

Upon arrival at Dog's Bay we noticed several pongas with fisherman from Old Kino. One was pulled up to the beach. An hour or so after our arrival a man and his little boy walked over from the beached ponga. They had lost their propeller the day before and had spent the night on the beach without much food or water. We gave them some. A few hours later their friends arrived with a replacement propeller and they left. It seems that fishermen asking for water from gringo tourists is common, as the next day a boat with four fisherman stopped in the morning to ask us for water. We had plenty as we had brought 45 gallons, and by this time we were taking luxurious fresh water showers, having hoarded it up the days before.

Abundant Life

We are inland people, with little sea experience. The great variety of life in the sea was really a treat for us to see. On the first night out, after the moon went down, we saw spectacular phosphorescence in the water. If the water was agitated, for example by passing a boat hook through it, it glowed like stardust. I never tired of seeing this and would get up every night to see it and the millions of stars in the Milky Way.

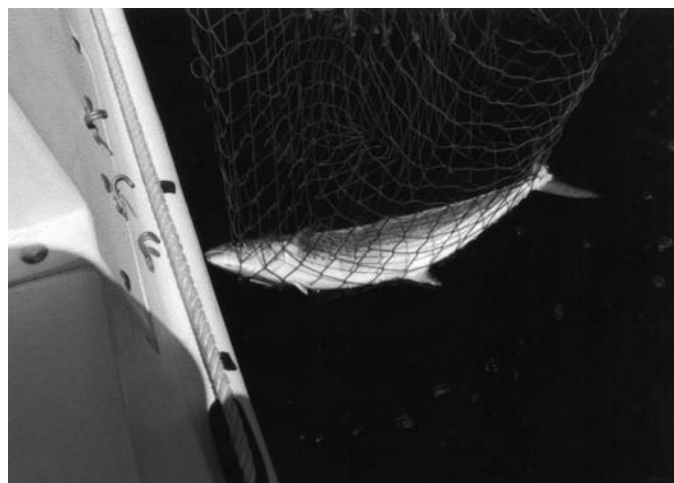
The brown pelicans put on another good show as they dove for fish, hitting the water with a great splash. Smaller Heermann's gulls would dive down right after the pelicans, sometimes almost hitting the bigger birds. The gulls would try to catch a few fish that might have been stunned by the pelican's impact.

Other birds we saw included eared grebes, red-billed tropic birds, and magnifi-

A Shearwater, *Magic Dragon*.



Sierra mackerel.



cent frigate birds. The frigate birds were numerous. I watched them sail along high in the sky. Only once did I see one dive down to dip his bill in the ocean. I was beginning to think they fed on air.

Small flying fish skimmed a few inches over the water's surface and moved so fast we usually saw only the splash they made

when they landed. We saw sea turtles, dolphins, and sea lions. Sea lions had the habit of sleeping on their sides with one flipper straight up in the air, waving in a nonchalant way. While snorkeling we saw many sand dollars, sting rays, and small fish. Jelly fish were also numerous, keeping us out of the water in some places.

We found the Mexican people very friendly. The climate in May is comfortable, maybe a little hot in the late afternoon toward the end of the month. Our experience there was very positive and we would recommend a sailing trip to Mexico to any one interested in seeing something new.

Tetas de Cabra, San Carlos landmark.



One row of ten at San Carlos dry storage.



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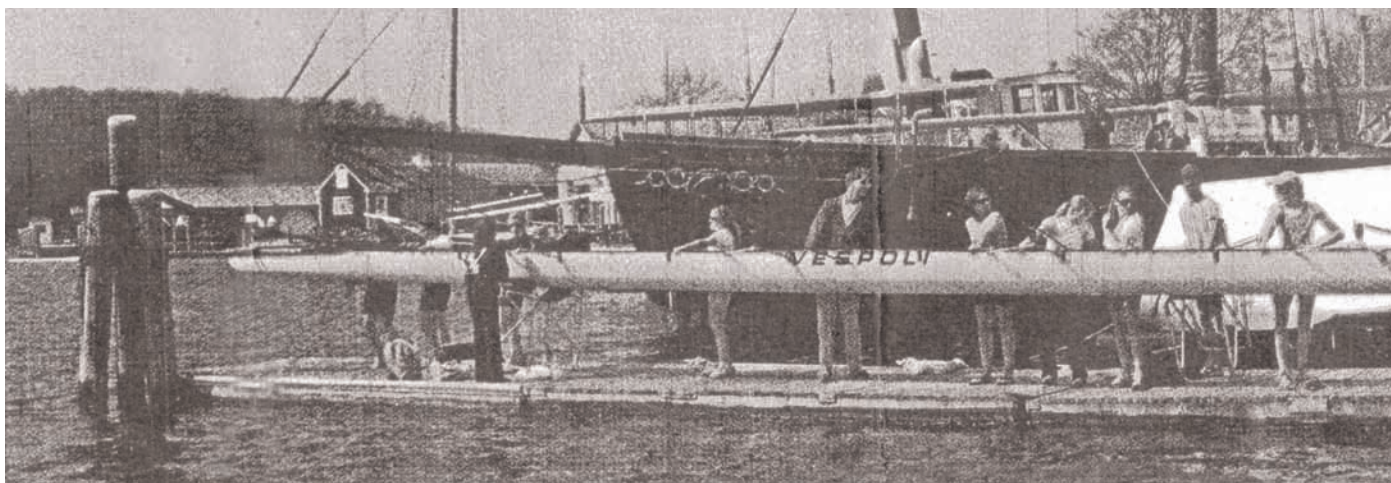
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Members of the Stonington High School crew get ready to launch at the Mystic Seaport.

Ask 50 different people what it means to be completely happy and you'll get 50 different answers. Right?

Well, maybe not. In fact, you might be surprised to receive nine identical answers: "Completely happy? I'm completely happy when my boat has won a race!" Then you'll know you've stumbled upon some members of the Stonington High School crew team whose home base is Mystic, Connecticut.

If you kept asking, trying to get the rowers to define their idea of complete happiness, they would tell you about the most beautiful feeling in the world. It hits the entire boat when it crosses the finish line first.

It's euphoria, a huge rush from all the endorphins suddenly hitting your bloodstream, vanquishing the pain of exhausted muscles. It's great pride, knowing your boat was able to lock into a rhythm and use all the power the rowers had to give and knowing that everyone was completely focused on the race.

This was no product of chance, victory is the sweet payoff for hours of sweating and striving to push your body to the next level of strength and endurance. At practice on the Mystic River we are told to look for that pain, embrace it, and try to top it, because that is what we need to have in us for a race.

Rowing is more than brute force, however. It is finesse and rhythm. All eight rowers in the boat have to be in tune with each other, focused on the person in front of them, and doing exactly what that person is doing. "Together" is the key word. The oars must enter and leave the water all together which means that the rowers must complete all the motions of the stroke at exactly the same time.

And who reminds the rowers of all these things? Who keeps them motivated during practice, making sure everyone is pushing themselves, yet not letting technique and form be left behind in the rush? Who steers the boat, avoiding the cans, buoys, sandbars, rocks, and lackadaisical pleasure boaters who turn the Mystic River into a giant obstacle course? The coxswain, of course.

The coxswain sits facing the rowers and he or she is the brains of the boat. The rowers face the opposite direction to that in which the boat is going so the coxswain is the only one who sees the course.

A typical day at practice goes like this: The high school team arrives at the Mystic Seaport at around 2:30pm. Everyone changes and then meets at the dock to carry oars

Completely Happy on the River

By Louisa Mink

Reprinted from the *Mystic River Press*

down and stretch out. We do a warm-up that consists of breaking the stroke into individual motions, starting with using only the arms and then adding in the body and each quarter of leg movement, going up the sliding seat, until a full stroke is reached.

After this we do full pressure pieces up and down the river, usually starting beyond the railroad bridge and ending at the Seaport.

We might also do a head race, which is a four-mile distance from Noank to the end of the river in Old Mystic.

During these pieces the third varsity goes first, then the second, and then the first. The aim is to catch the boat in front of you and keep your lead on the boat behind you.

It is very exciting when the boat manages to do this. It is great once the rhythm in the boat has been achieved and the power in it is being put to full use. The objective is to jam the legs down and connect with the abs and lats to actually lift yourself up out of the seat and get your weight out of the boat. When this happens the boat lifts up out of the water and air bubbles get underneath it. You can hear them rushing along the hull and see them coming up in the boat's wake.

Another way to see the power is to look at the blades of the rower's oars. If they are pulling hard the oar will have a mound of water in front of it with an empty space behind, and when the oar is no longer in the water there is a whirlpool in its place.

The coaches follow us in their power boats and shout encouragement through the megaphones.

My favorite one to hear is, "Lock and send!" This means lock your oar into the water, then drive the legs to send the boat skimming.

It is important to "row smart" and keep the technique and rhythm during a race or power piece. If the boat starts to panic and scramble or miss water the race is as good as lost.

Before our first race Coach Ken Godfrey told my boat (the girls' second varsity) to just row smart and keep our focus. It was hailing out and we were racing


Greenwich and Tabor, two private schools with beautiful new equipment.

We fell behind at the start of the race but then it happened. We locked into a rhythm and rowed smart. We started to walk through Greenwich, meaning we were gaining on them and passing. Then I thought, "My God, it looks like we might have this!" Everyone must have thought so, too, because we then started to walk through Tabor and came in to win the race!

That brings me full circle to the completely happy feeling. I don't think that you can get that feeling anywhere else, or I never have at any rate. It is the product of much hard work and time put in by the coaches, coxes, and rowers.

(Louisa Mink is a member of the Stonington High School Class of '08)

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International Scene

Criminal trials of some participants in the sinking of the tanker *Erika* will start in October, some seven years after the event caused severe pollution on the coast of Brittany. One of the defendants may be the *Erika's* master, who successfully evacuated his crew so that no lives were lost and was then arrested and detained as a criminal.

The Panama Canal was at full capacity recently, with 109 vessels waiting six to seven days for transit in spite of two records being set. The autonomous Panama Canal Authority will soon present plans to the Panamanian Government for widening the Canal at a cost of \$5 to 7.5 billion so it can accommodate post-Panamax ships, now too wide to transit the Canal. The present fleet of such ships numbers 391 and will number 682 by 2010.

An empty and abandoned tanker was found drifting off a remote coast of Queensland, Australia, its engine broken, its name painted over, and a broken towrope dangling from the bow. Authorities surmised it had been used to refuel foreign fishing vessels.

Turkey's ban on Cypriot-flagged vessels is causing problems for the shipping industry now that Turkey has signed a custom union protocol. The European Union has said that Turkey must lift the ban before 2006 is finished.

Hard Knocks and Thin Places

In Asia, the log-carrying *Bang Xing I* sank off Taiwan. All crew were rescued.

The small rice-carrying *Premship X* sank off Cebu Harbor after a collision with the cargo ship *Mijara IB*.

The Indonesian *Cenhkeh*, carrying rice for the poor, sank near Pisang Island in Lampung but civilization only heard of the incident five days later when a lifeboat with survivors drifted ashore.

The *Ty Orchid* sank in the Far East but 13 crew were rescued.

The *Xinhai 7* collided with the *Korea Gas* and sank in the Yellow Sea. All 17 crew were saved.

At the mouth of the Yangtze, valiant efforts kept the Chinese container vessel *Kaihang 78* from capsizing after it was rammed by a Panamanian-flagged vessel.

The Panamanian-flagged bulk carrier *California* was holed by the overtaking container ship *Sonokor Seoul* and sank 11 hours later in the Strait of Malacca.

The container ship *MOL Initiative* had an engine room fire off Hokkaido and the crew of 26 was evacuated when smoke seeped into the accommodation area. A massive firefighting and salvage effort started and the ship was taken in tow by the big Dutch salvage tug *SmitWijfs Rotterdam*.

A freight boat loaded with 65 cows, nine containers, and 32 people capsized off Indonesia's West Timor and only three survivors (but no cows) were picked up.

The Panamanian-flagged tugboat *Dream 5* sank in the Sea of Japan for unknown reasons and the crew took refuge on the barge *Dream 6* that the tug had been towing. A rescue attempt in bad weather involved the Russian tanker *Ust-Ilimsk*, the Russian reefer *Balyuzek*, the Japanese patrol vessel *Tsugaru*, and the Russian rescue vessel *Topaz*. The tanker managed to throw warm clothing, water, and food aboard the barge and then the *Topaz* approached three times within 3m

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

(10') feet in 5m seas trying unsuccessfully to get a line onto the barge. The 14 crewmen were later rescued by a helicopter.

On the other side of the globe, at the Baltic seaport of Kaliningrad, the self-propelled bunker barge *Giovanna* caught fire and burned for two days. Two crewmen were seriously burned and there was a massive fuel spill.

The *Rasill* reported it had lost four containers overboard at 53N, 3E due to heavy weather and 30 minutes later reported another two empty containers had followed.

Off Spain, the *Ivory Tirupati* lost three containers filled with Israeli apples and took on a 25-degree list.

The cargo ship *Wern*, carrying 750 tons of iron product for a U.S. Steel plant at Smederevo, sank on the river Dunav close to the Serbian port of Smedervro.

The bulk carrier *Sanko Robust* ran aground in the Suez Canal in spite of being towed by Canal Authority tugs due to rudder problems. The ship suffered further damage, this time to its bottom.

Those who serve shipping on shore are always at risk, too, and some lose out. At Port Everglades Florida, a longshoreman was pinned between a 20' container and a bulkhead on the *Berulan* and died shortly afterwards.

In New Zealand a driver was killed when his 74-tonne forklift flopped over onto its nose and caught fire after a section of the pier at Napier collapsed while his machine was carrying a fully-loaded container.

In Newfoundland two workers sparked a fire in the shuttle tanker *Kometik* during repairs and one died, the other was seriously injured.

The Gray Fleets

South Korea sold three retired PKMs (Patrol Killer Medium) to Kazakhstan for a symbolic \$100 each. Korea paid \$4-5 million for the fast gunboats back in 1980-81. Kazakhstan will use the PKMs to defend its rich oilfields.

Korean shipyard delivered the submarine *Cakra* to the Indonesian Navy. It is the first sub exported from Korea.

Turkey wants four more diesel-electric submarines to counter a perceived threat from traditional enemy Greece.

Pakistan would like to acquire frigates and support ships from the Netherlands and Turkey.

France accepted *Mistral*, the first of a class of 21,500-tonne force-projection and command ships from the builder. The class is also being considered for adoption by Australia.

In an article in a Chinese daily newspaper, a marine specialist proposed that the ex-Soviet aircraft carrier *Minsk* be reefed off Hong Kong.

The *Yuro Dolgoruky*, the first of Russia's newest class of ballistic missile subs, is approaching completion after a decade of work, as is the second, and construction started on a third of the Borei class. Russia wants about a dozen of the class to replace its Delta IV class boats.

A Taiwanese frigate ran into something while on a goodwill visit to a Palau harbor and, somewhat damaged, had to be escorted home.

The destroyer *USS McCampbell* (DDG-85) collided with the Kiribati-flagged merchantman *Royka I* off Iraq. Some bow damage to each ship and two crewmen on each ship had minor injuries.

In the Gulf of Aden, the Dutch frigate *De Zeven Provinciën* took 27 crew members off the container ship *Hyundai Fortune* after an explosion in a hold set fire to containers.

The British polar patrol icebreaker *HMS Endurance* needed quick repair of its damaged rudder and so went to an Argentine yard. Port workers held the ship "captive" for about 25 days. The ship was the first Royal Navy vessel to visit Argentina since the Falkland War.

Iran held a war game during which it showed off a super-speed torpedo and a so-called "radar invisible" ground effect aircraft that might win second prize at a high school science fair.

U.S. and Russia Federated Navy personnel held a bilateral humanitarian assistance exercise off the coast of Guam. It was the first of several PASSEX between the two navies to be held this year.

India and France held a joint exercise that emphasized anti-submarine warfare and counter-maritime crime and terrorism.

India and Iran started a program that will include exchange of visits by commanders, joint exercises, and technical cooperation that includes training Iranian navy personnel.

Lockheed Aircraft will upgrade nine P-3C maritime reconnaissance aircraft for Pakistan under a \$9 million contract from the U.S. Navy.

Now that France has joined with the U.K. in designing and building three large aircraft carriers, the French are urging that the Royal Navy buy 150 French Rafale marine jets, a type already in service. If the U.K. goes along, that means canceling existing contracts with U.S. for the advanced Joint Strike Fighter aircraft and that will strain U.S.-U.K. relations. The Rafale probably would be cheaper but it is a generation behind the JSF and may be unpopular with its operators. Since the U.S. has been touchy about sharing technology with the U.K., the JSF would have to be repaired in the States.

Thanks to extreme automation, the 58,000-tonne Franco-U.K. carriers will have a crew of about 800 or less and an air wing complement of 600. U.S. carriers of 100,000 tons have crews of about 4,000 and the Navy is trying to reduce that to about 2,500 in the new CVN-21 class.

The Royal Navy retired the last of its Sea Harrier fighters, backbone of fleet air defense during the Falklands Wars and since, because a fan blade improvement, supposed to increase resistance to foreign object ingestion, increased vibrations that forced frequent engine changes. The Sea Harriers will be replaced by RAF Harriers until (and if) the Royal Navy gets the U.S.-built Joint Strike Fighter. Some of the retired Sea Harriers may end up in India, which operates the type.

The cruiser *USS Gettysburg* (CG-64) returned from off Central and South America with 61,000 pounds of cocaine, captured in operations in cooperation with the FBI, Coast Guard, and other governments. The street value was close to \$2 billion. In 2005 the U.S. Navy and Coast Guard seized 545,000 pounds of cocaine at sea and arrested 700 traffickers.

While the anti-war city councilors of San Francisco scorned the Navy's offer of the

battleship *USS Iowa* as a trophy ship, the City of Norfolk was informed by the Navy that it could be getting the battleship *USS Wisconsin* as a museum ship rather earlier than the good citizens expected. They are scurrying to make the necessary financial and other arrangements in time for a September deadline.

The White Fleets

The contractors had just finished building a 50-story World Trade Center in Bahrain and it was time to celebrate. What nicer for the senior employees than a celebratory dinner dance cruise on the Persian Gulf of Bahrain? The dhow-like *al Dana* was hired and little did those who went aboard one night know that it was registered as a fishing boat, operated as a floating restaurant, and wasn't licensed as an excursion boat. Over 100 people boarded (although a few got off because they didn't like the instability the vessel was exhibiting) and the vessel set off. Some passengers stayed below on the dining deck but most went topside to dance in the cool night air and enjoy the view of the nearby shore. The vessel suddenly capsized during a turn and 57 drowned while 67 shivering people were saved.

Fire broke out on the cruise ship *Star Princess* between Jamaica and the Grand Caymans and about 100 cabins on four decks were gutted. One man died of a heart attack and 11 others were injured. Cause of the fire may have been a cigarette dropped on balcony furniture. The fire is expected to trigger major changes that will affect both consumers and the cruise industry. Sprinklers on balconies and interior fire doors that extend to the ship's exterior may be required as well as tighter control of cigarette smoking.

The paddlewheel coastal cruise ship *Empress of the North* ran aground on the Columbia River east of Portland, Oregon. No injuries and the ship came off a day or two later with some bottom damage.

Dubai is becoming a major cruise destination, especially in winter months.

Last year was the Falkland Island's best cruise ship year with about 170 ship calls.

The lovely *Rotterdam* was named 2006 Ship of the Year. The old but still beautiful *Norway* (ex-*France*) was reported as sold again, this time to a Bangladeshi businessman for \$12 million.

After volcanic activity of Raoul Island (part of the Kermadec group northeast of New Zealand) killed a conservation worker and forced helicopter evacuation of five others, the New Zealand expedition cruise ship *Spirit of Enderby* was forbidden to bring a group of divers to the island.

The P&O "voyage ship" (never "cruise ship") *Oriana* was arrested upon arrival at Durban due to an unpaid bill for repairs made in April 2004.

Back and Forth

It was not a happy month in the ferry business. In Australia a pay dispute between Sydney ferry captains and management idled 31 ferries at the morning rush hour, leaving 38,000 passengers to find some other way to get to work.

A Nile ferry sank near the Aswan Dam in Upper Egypt after being unable to move out of the way of a tourist vessel due to a non-functioning engine but its 40 passengers were saved.

The tourist boat *King Tut* hit a bridge in southern Egypt and one Egyptian was killed while 35 others, mostly German tourists, were injured.

A large open pirogue carrying 150-200 people capsized near the Cameroon fishing town of Kribi and only 23 got ashore alive. The official death count was 109 and the first time anyone was aware of the accident was when fishermen discovered floating bodies.

In East Africa a wooden ferry carrying 250-300 people capsized off the coast of Djibouti and 69 died.

In Ghana, about 120 illegal settlers being relocated died when their ferry capsized on Lake Volta.

On the Meghna River in northern Bangladesh, a trawler carrying rice, fish, and 33 people capsized in a storm and only 18 managed to swim ashore or were rescued by passing boats.

In China, the bulkier *Sen Hai I* smashed into the ferry *Huangke 63* as it was about to leave with about 300 passengers. No major injuries.

In Japanese waters whales and high-speed ferries kept meeting. The *Beetle III* hit a whale and the ferry was damaged. No injuries but a month later a collision between "a large whale-like marine animal" and the *Topsy 4* injured 49 of 103 passengers and sent 13 to a hospital.

In Scotland the norovirus hit the ferry *Caldonian Isles*, leaving several crew members sick and the ferry out of service for two days for a thorough cleansing.

Two-thirds of the adult residents of staunchly Presbyterian South Harris protested the beginning of seven-day ferry service between North Uist and South Harris, saying it broke the Sabbath.

The Shetland Island Council is mulling over the idea of setting up an arms-length company to operate inter-island ferries that would save the Council £265,000 over three years and stave off competition. Part of the savings could come from not having to pay prevailing wages or make national insurance contributions.

In South Africa, the Robben Island Ferry Company, formed by nine ex-political prisoners to carry tourists from Cape Town out to the island where Nelson Mandela was jailed for nearly three decades, lost its lucrative contract because the Robben Island Museum wants to form its own ferry company with bigger boats.

Farther north, three Arab states promised to donate two \$70-million ferries each to Egypt to replace the ferry that sank in the Red Sea recently, killing about 1,000 people. The six new Australian-built ferries, each carrying about 1,500 people, would be used to transport Muslim pilgrims and Egyptian expatriates in the Gulf.

On the Inside Passage in British Columbia, the big coastal ferry *Queen of the North* (it was a bad month for royalty in the Pacific Northwest, what with the problems besetting the *Empress of the North* farther south) apparently missed a routine course change in the small hours of the night and ran onto Gil Rock at the south end of the Grenville Channel. Fishing boats from a nearby native village soon started taking off passengers and crew as the ship sank within an hour. At first it was thought that all 102 people on board had been saved but a later head count showed two passengers were missing. The ferry had come out of a shipyard refit a month earlier during which, according to one commentator, a new autopilot had been installed.

Estonia reopened its inquiry into the deadly sinking of the ferry *Estonia* in 1994.

(Those readers with copies of William Langewiesche's *The Outlaw Sea*, get it out and re-read Chapter Four, "On a Captive Sea," and Chapter Five "The Ocean's Way").

Nature

U.S. Navy researchers are investigating whether implants in the olfactory centre of a shark's brain will allow the shark to be remote controlled by sonar signals so it will track an enemy ship's movements.

Wallenius Lines prides itself on being environmentally friendly and was "disgusted" that the chief engineer of its car carrier *Atlantic Breeze* bypassed the oily water separator and discharged oily waste into the sea and then falsified the oil record book. These crimes caused the company to pay fines totaling \$6.5 million and the chief engineer faces up to five years in jail.

Metal-Bashing

Vietnam is trying to become a major shipbuilding nation and one yard has a contract to build ten Handymax bulkers for a British firm. The first, the *Florence*, was launched and promptly took on water back aft. Bad welding? Too steep a launching way? Valves left open? The final decision was that a wooden girder, part of the launching ways, had ripped free during the launch and punched a hole in an after tank.

Nasties

World attention was on Somalia, which has been without a navy or coast guard since 1991 when warlords ousted a dictator, and piracy is active. According to a recent report the two or three Somali pirate gangs focus on selected targets, yachts and superyachts or merchant vessels. The UN Security Council urged member states to do something, anything, about the rampant piracy there. So the U.S. Navy captured 13 pirates after gunfire was exchanged, but village elders claimed the U.S. Navy fired the first shot and the Somali were just patrolling the coast looking for illegal fishing.

In spite of actions taken by a U.S. Navy ship and a Dutch vessel, Somali pirates seized the South Korean fishing vessel *Dong Won 28* and demanded \$400,000 for its release. One village elder ruled, "This is not ransom but a fine for fishing illegally in Somalia." The South Korean government created a taskforce to free the FV as soon as it can figure out which group did the deed. Somali pirates also seized the tanker *Lombongo* after it unloaded its cargo at a southern Somali port.

But piracy in the Malacca Strait was down.

Odd Bits

In the approaches to the Kiel Canal, a heating pipe on the chemical tanker *Pakri Challenge* broke and oil and water deluged the pilot boat alongside. It had to be taken out of service to be cleaned.

Farther south, fishermen on the French trawler *L'Europe*, unhappy about being boarded by the Royal Navy in the English Channel, discharged sewerage into the Brit's inflatable. An officer climbed up a rope ladder to escape, only to have it snap and he fell back into the sewer-filled inflatable. In accordance with the finest traditions of the Senior Service, the gritty Brits finished their inspection and, surprise! found the FV guilty of violations. The patrol vessel HMS Severn escorted the trawler into Portland Harbor.

We think we have been building boats continuously in Georgia longer than anyone else. All our boats are custom built, by eye, one at the time. Though we never build any boat twice, we build a lot of little rowing and sailing peapod-like surfboats to be used off seaside beaches. Though most of them are too wide to be comfortable with a double paddle, we sometimes build boats for propulsion by that wonderful instrument. We also build planing skiffs, transom sterned sailing dinghies for use as yacht tenders, and decked duckboats sort of like the old Dan Kidney boats.

Our personal favorites are very light, narrow planing sailboats. Since we build only to our own design, we have a policy that if the new owner doesn't want the boat, we will keep it and cheerfully give back the deposit. Though we haven't ever had to implement that policy, it does ensure that we never build anything that we wouldn't want ourselves. Luckily we easily get enthusiastic about the ideas of our customers.

Other than building by eye, there are other peculiarities in our methods. We cup each plank and sheathe it in fiberglass and epoxy before it goes on the boat. Since we build lapstrake boats, this cup makes it unnecessary to bevel the laps, thus the fiberglass sheathing continues between the planks and makes a four layer laminate of wood and fiberglass at each lap... sort of like the way they make archery bows these days. This makes each plank joint a continuous, very strong longitudinal stringer from stem to stern and allows us to use very thin planking, very few frames... and build very strong, light boats.

We used to use bent live oak or laurel oak frames. When we started using epoxy back in the '70s, we switched to hickory because the epoxy came off the oak. When we developed our plank cupping and sheathing method, we changed to a few little sawn frames usually made from natural crooks. We like the sawn frames better. The jogs for the plank laps don't weaken the wood as much and the connection with the thwarts and rails is lighter and stronger.

We have been using W.E.S.T.TM system epoxy ever since you got Meade or Jan on the phone when we called in our order. We follow their instructions very carefully and have had no serious problems. We have adapted our methods to the peculiarities of the epoxy. We have a small shop, a big wood heater, and a strong air conditioner. When the time comes to coat the boat we fire up that heater until we can hardly stand it. When the boat is good and hot we close the damper on the heater and turn on the A/C. We coat the boat while it is cooling. This draws the epoxy into the exposed xylem tubes of the wood and interstices between the cells and, in our thin planking, almost reaches the ideal of the early hopeful days when the W.E.S.T. acronym was coined. The heated wood reduces the viscosity of the epoxy so that it penetrates as much as possible. The heat also helps kick off the cure so that the coating doesn't have so long to make those cursed runs. In later coats, after the wood is sealed, we coat the boat in stages, turning it as we go to reduce runs.

As far as the controversy over the use of epoxy as a coating goes, we have found it to be the most durable, water resistant sealer we have yet found. We have had no problems with boats becoming ruined because damage to the coating let water in but not out. We

The Best of Robb White 1997-2000

Building Boats In Georgia

By Robb White
(Robb's first appearance on our pages,
May 15, 1997)



always put uncoated wood or bronze sheathed guards for protection against beaches, boat ramps, and pickup truck beds, but when damage does occur the water seems to find its way out the same way it got in. Some of our boats are still going strong with the epoxy coating badly deteriorated from sun and wear.

Of course, we use no plywood so the migration of the water into the wood under the coating is limited and all the wood in our little boats is thin so water that gets in is never very far from the place where it came from. I don't think I would coat a heavily built boat or a boat built from plywood.

We have two hints about the mixing of the stuff. We always do our final mixing with one of those little tin handled brushes. First we stir the ingredients with a popsicle stick, then we use the little brush to scrub the sides and bottom of the container and the popsicle stick. Last, but most important, don't trust those little plastic pumps. Even if you checked them when you first got them, they sometimes suck air around the piston on the return stroke and short one of the ingredients. If you use them, set an accurate scale to balance with one shot of each part in the cup and check each mix. Best to mark the cups and use the pumps just to get the stuff out of the can.

We used to rivet or clench nail the laps on our boats, but now we only use epoxy. We found that in the hot sun the differential expansion of the copper vs. the wood/fiberglass/epoxy caused the epoxy to let go of the fastenings. Subsequent abrasion of the heads of the tacks and rivets exposed them to the weather and allowed water to penetrate the epoxy coating. Though the damage was lim-

ited to a little dark streak into the end grain at each affected fastening, it was unsightly in varnished boats. We have had no problems whatsoever since we went to straight-up glued construction, plus both the initial and maintenance sanding is so much easier.

Other peculiarities of our business are that we believe strongly that we should not be a part of the destruction of the old growth forests of this country or any other place. In my lifetime I have seen the woods around here (south Georgia, north Florida) change from mostly wide open big timber to vast impenetrable plantations of tiny saplings that the paper and lumber companies and even the government point out smugly as "renewal." I don't feel that these barren thickets are any replacement for what is gone. We do all our own logging and sawmilling so we can be sure. We use no plywood at all.

Some of our boats are built from truly sketchy instructions. Sometimes new customers will see one of our boats and call us up and tell us what they want right on the phone. We built a boat for a man in another country who told us, long distance and in a language that we didn't understand, what he wanted. We just built a boat we liked a lot and hoped he would refuse it, but he didn't.

This spring I got two orders on the same day (a sure enough rare thing for us). One was from a German who lived in Spain and one was from a Spaniard who lived in Germany. I got confused and called the wrong man when the first boat was finished. He liked the other man's boat fine. We just finished another one for the Spaniard who lives in Germany (or was it the German who lived in Spain?) Oh well, he'll be here in March, then we'll see. My youngest son hopes he'll refuse it.

About that wood, there is one problem we feel like we need to explain. We build all our boats out of the wood of the tulip tree (*Liriodendron tulipifera*). Tulip trees are a member of the primitive magnolia family and, though the wood is soft and light, are classified as hardwoods. Their range is the whole eastern United States from New England south to Florida and west to Missouri and Texas. Tulip trees are some of the biggest and tallest trees east of the Mississippi.

Although not commonly used to build boats, the heartwood of the tulip is very durable and is the preferred wood for building log cabins in the Appalachians. It was also a favorite for lining hand-dug wells and building farm wagons and buggies. The oldest covered bridge in West Virginia (1852), and the only two-lane one in the country, was built entirely from tulip wood and was still in use when it was burned by a gasoline spill in 1986. When it was rebuilt, only the siding and roof needed replacement. The old tulip framework and roadbed were still good.

We have a whole list of examples of the durability and strength of tulip wood which we use to explain why we have used it in our boats since the middle '60s. So what's the problem? Tulip trees are commonly called "yellow poplar" and get confused with true poplars in the genus *Populus* which are cottonwoods and aren't worth a flip for lumber. There is a lot of variability in the quality of tulip wood as well and some of it, though strong and light, is not as rot resistant as the wood we use. We use it because it is the best for the boats we build, not because we can't get anything better.

We are one of the few sawmills in the country that regularly salvages old growth virgin longleaf pine, Atlantic white cedar, and red heart cypress from storm thrown trees (we get all our old growth tulip the same way). We will haul our rig many miles and work mighty hard for just one fine old tree. We could build boats from anything we want to but we prefer tulip because of its peculiar strength, flexibility, light weight, variable color and grain, and compatibility with epoxy.

I wrote an article for *WoodenBoat* about boatbuilding with the wood and we got all the way down to the galley stage before they asked Prof. Jagels what he thought. He said, in effect, that it would probably be a useful wood for boats that were kept inside all the time. I had to withdraw the article from publication. We decided that we couldn't take the chance of that reply if someone were to write in to the editor (like they love to do at *WoodenBoat*) with a question about the suitability of the wood.

The fact that we have used tulip successfully for years to build so many little boats which stay outside most (some all) of the time would carry no weight alongside the opinion of *WoodenBoat's* certified wood expert. We don't mind controversy, we just don't like an open and shut case. If we could have been assured that we could have answered any letters questioning our choice of wood ourselves, we would have gladly gone on with the publication of the article.

We seldom have to defend the wood to people who have seen our boats. We would like to encourage its use by others. Tulip is cheap and readily available in excellent quality. Best, it is actually increasing its population in its range. In the coves of the Appalachians it is becoming a "weed tree" by taking over places where the more valuable oaks, cherries, and walnuts were clear cut. Tulip trees grow fast and, although they don't have much heartwood until they get 30

or more years old, we built a 13' boat from the lumber of only one 20-year-old tree. Even though the boat was built mostly from sapwood and spent its life outside, it remained serviceable from the time it was built in 1968 until it was busted when a tree fell on it during Hurricane Kate in 1985. Its remains are still in good shape out in the woodpile right now.

When it was just me in this business I hid back in these woods and never advertised at all. All my customers came from my old customers. We have been trying to expand the business ever since I lured my youngest son away from his paying job as a school teacher. He is hoping to be able to afford a small used car and some clothes for his children. I say, "Hell, I ran around naked all the time I was a kid and look how I turned out." He says, respectfully, "Yeah, right." We hope we can lure the other son away from his paying job as a textile factory manager soon.

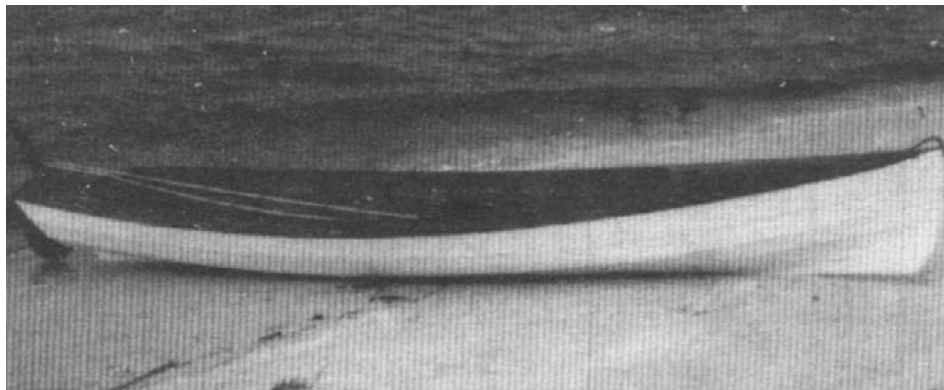
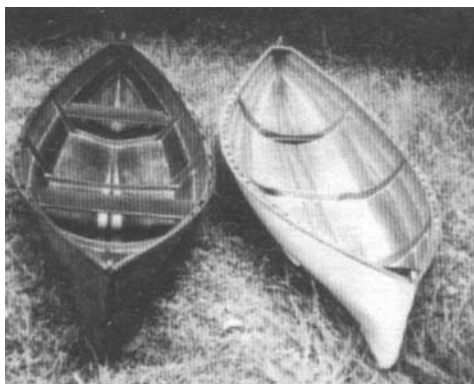
Here are photos of some of our boats: In the first set at top left are two of the little double ended, double paddle surfboats. The one on the left is an old boat (one of the last copper fastened boats) and is my own. Only has three planks to the side. It is 12' x 3', weighs 35lbs, and has been dragged by its painter through the bushes to many little inaccessible holes of water. I have caught so many fine fish from that little thing and not all from fresh water. One morning before breakfast I caught a 17lb bluefish which I was afraid to put into the boat with my toes. My granddaughter hooked her first fish just the other day with me in that boat. Unfortunately he got off while I was trying to help.

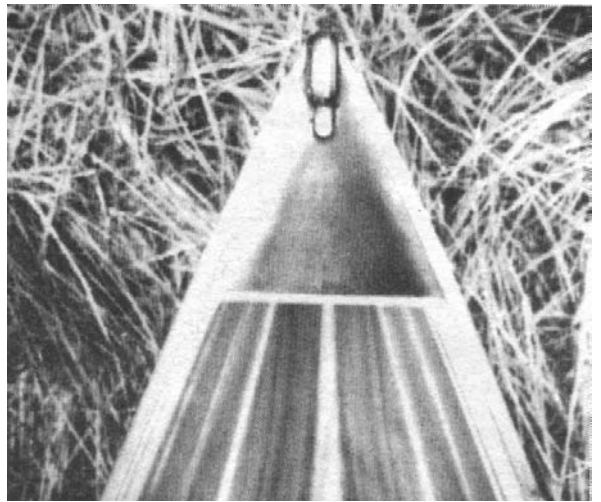
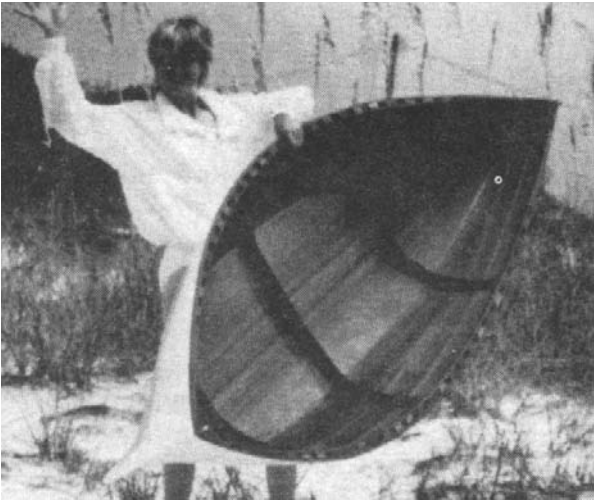
The light colored boat in the same picture is now a year old (brand new in the photograph) and is also 12' x 3', five planks to the side, and weighs 25lbs without the removable floorboards and adjustable seats and backrests. It is now braving the surf of the Pacific Ocean with its owner and her noble dog. She is an "applied physicist" and says that her boat, when on top of her car with the sunroof open, sets up a harmonic vibration with the air column inside that is very interesting at speeds in excess of a hundred miles an hour. She plans to investigate the phenomenon further to see if it has some applications in rocket science.

The skiff at top right is an old copper fastened bent frame boat and is 17' long, 53" wide, weighs 125lbs, and will plane two adults with that old Weedless Three. It has the distinction of having had two mothers feeding two babies in the natural manner while underway (though not planning). It belongs to the prosecutor of the county in which I reside. So let us not say too much.

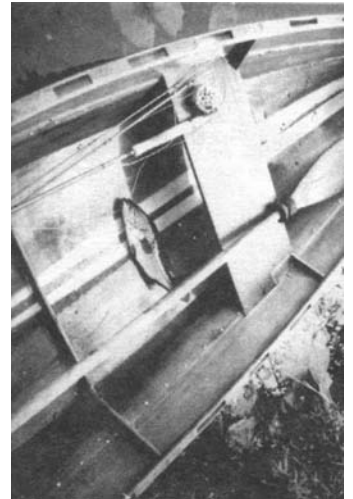
The little boat at bottom left on the sawhorses with all that flare is one of our sailing surf boats, 12' x 40" and 35lbs (including the rig). It is so light and handy that a person can carry it out, fully rigged, daggerboard down, into the surf, launch it between waves, get in, and be sailing close hauled before the next wave comes. You have to watch out that you don't lose your bathing suit scrambling in over the side.

The long skinny, decked boat on the beach at bottom right is a planing centerboard sailboat that will plane one person in ten knots of wind. You have to fall off the wind just right to get it to start planing in light wind, but once it does you can ease back up into the wind and it will continue to plane remarkably close hauled. A kid can be lured away from any video game by a boat like that. It is 14' 1" x 43" and 80lbs, including 15lbs of centerboard and case. As soon as we get caught up with the "promised by spring" boats we are going to build another one sort of like it but 17' or 18' and with a daggerboard to save weight. We'll get Stuart Hopkins to make one of those easy to reef batwing canoe sails, either balanced lug or sliding gunter. We'll get it built too big and see if we can outrun some of those wind surfers





The second set of photos shows the peculiarities in the color and grain of the wood we use. The wood darkens radically with age, and though the contrast in the color becomes more muted as the wood darkens, it is still there. That boat the girl is holding is the same new boat, and though it is only a couple of weeks old in the second picture, it has darkened considerably. That girl did, too.



The third photo shows one of our little lapstrake skiffs being finished off ready to go.



My Dad's Boats

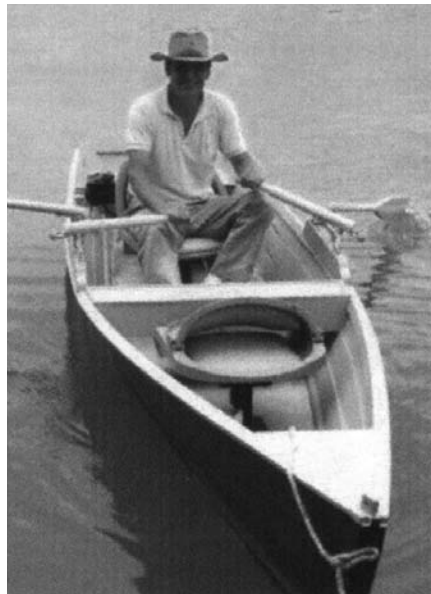
By Sunny Wilster

My dad Finn Wilster's boats were built in his garage in Piney Flats, Tennessee, overlooking Boone Lake. Dad likes to row so all his boats are built with forward facing oars.

His first boat was a rowboat. I do not know much about this boat because Dad gave it to my brother Steve. This boat now resides in Melbourne Beach, Florida.

Molly S was his second boat. It was also built with marine plywood. It has two trolling engines. Dad can steer the boat from the stern or tucked up underneath the cabin.

Finn's Folly was built with pressure treated pine and pressure treated plywood. The round portholes on the cabin are built using stove pipe rings. The oars are also forward facing. Sometimes rowing gets to be a bit tough, particularly when the wind kicks up, so Dad built a trolling motor into the rudder. He can kick the motor on and keep rowing without too much effort.



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Maine Friendships

Reprinted with permission from *The Apprentice*, Newsletter of Atlantic Challenge, Vol. #10, Issue #2, Spring 2006

By Bill Zuber

Before 1900 most Maine folks lived on the islands and swift, safe water transportation was a necessity for survival. The "sloop boat" evolved about 1880 to answer just about all the needs of a coastal family. The fishermen/boat builders of the islands and harbors of the Friendship, Maine, area developed the finest models and were the most prolific builders, hence the "Friendship Sloop." Boat shops dotted the coastline of Bremen, Bremen Long Island, Morse Island, and Friendship. In 1903 22 sloops were being built on Bremen Long Island alone. The usual procedure was for a fisherman to spend the winter building the sloop, fish with it all summer, sell her in the fall, and start the process over again come winter. The wives would lend a hand making the sails on treadle sewing machines.

These vessels were built to work both offshore and inshore depending on their size. Lobstering, longlining cod, sword fishing, delivering goods, animals, and more were the requirements for these handsome sailing craft. As with most working vessels, Friendships were not a "class boat" where every hull is the same length. From existing records we find the original builders constructed sloops from 21' to 51'. Sloops the size of *Ansa*, the sloop currently being restored in the 'Shop, were the most popular for working around the islands given their great maneuverability.

Having sailed a Friendship sloop for 38 years, I have found it to be the one of the most comfortable, handy, and enjoyable sailing craft of the many other boats I have experienced over a lifetime spent on the water. To be able to have a boat sail itself for an hour or so and hold a course within a few degrees is such a pleasure to experience. A Friendship will do this from close hauled to a reach. A Friendship will turn heads anywhere she goes for her graceful lines and sailing ability. The clipper bow, long bowsprit, and well-proportioned gaff rig are not only pleasing to the eye but also a joy to sail.



When the internal combustion engine made these sloops obsolete as working craft, they became very popular as recreational vessels. In 1961 a group of sloop owners formed the Friendship Sloop Society to encourage the building and sailing of these boats. The first race was held that year with the yearbook listing 22 members and 14 boats raced around Muscongus Bay. This group has become a community of friends who meet at various events to sail, swap lies, and enjoy each other's company. Many families of sloop owners have grown up together and some second and third generations are racing the family sloop. Each sloop was awarded a sail number as it registered with the society. There were 272 sloops recorded in the 2004 yearbook. *Ansa* has sail number 211.


I recently had the opportunity to visit the Apprenticeship in Rockland, Maine. On the lower deck were the unmistakable sweet lines of the 22' Friendship *Ansa*. A sloop identical to *Ansa* would have provided an Island family with most of the needs of life: food from the sea, the occasional trip to Rockland or Portland for coal oil, lamp wicks, or a visit to relatives on a neighboring island.

Having instructed at the 'Shop with Lead Instructor Kevin Carney some years back, and watching and talking to the apprentices, I could appreciate the careful restoration taking place. There was no question that they had acquired the skills necessary to do a first class job. Their pride in the final product of their careful and dedicated labor will certainly be well earned and the owner of *Ansa* can be justifiably proud to sail such a vessel.


(Bill Zuber lives in Friendship with his wife, Carolyn. They own the Friendship sloop *Gladiator*. Visit them in Rockland during Friendship Sloop Days, July 20-22).

Check fss.org for more info. The Friendship sloop *Ansa* currently being restored in the Apprenticeship is for sale. If you would like more information about *Ansa*, please contact Meredith Currier at (207) 594-1800 for details.

Atlantic Challenge, 643 Main St., Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800. Please visit our website: www.atlanticchallenge.com

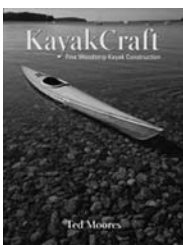


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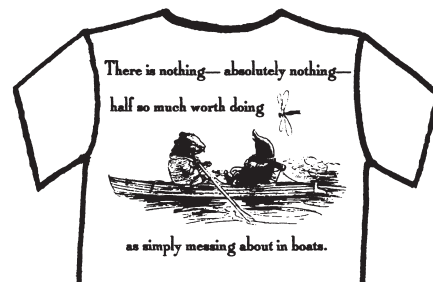


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My Quest For The Ideal Boat – Part 2

By Bob Davidson

Shortly after fixing up my first motorboat, an old, used red-and-white runabout with a 40hp Johnson outboard that I bought real cheap, I took the family up to the Adirondacks for a week vacation. We stayed in a small cabin beside Fourth Lake in the town of Inlet, New York. I launched the boat and after a brief run out on the water that first day, I tied it up to the dock for the night. We went to bed early that first night, glad that the planning and traveling were over and looking forward to the long fun-filled week that lay ahead. About 11:00 that night there was a pounding on our front door. The man pounding on the door was yelling, "Wake up, get down to the lake, your boat is sinking!"

I woke up in a groggy stupor, wondering what the man was talking about, considering all the flotation foam I had installed, there was no way my boat could sink! He must have mistaken me with someone else. Just in case, though, I got up and ran down to the lake. Well, the boat wasn't sinking, but it was floating upside down in some choppy waves. The gas can, fishing gear, and other miscellaneous gear that had been aboard was slowly floating away in the chop. The head of the 40hp Johnson was underwater and its propeller was standing up in the wind.

I learned that night that it's not a good idea to tie a boat to a dock with its stern facing the open water, especially when it's at the end of a lake that is long and narrow. I also learned that a moderate amount of wind can raise some frightfully large waves when it travels across several miles of water. We righted the boat, bailed it out, and collected the floating gear. This time I tied it to the dock with its bow facing the open water.

The next morning I managed to get the waterlogged motor running and took it out for a two-hour ride to make sure the engine was well dried out. I had lot of fun for several years with that boat but the time came when I felt the need to get a bigger boat. Bigger must be better, right?

I found a used 23' Penn Yan with a trailer. It had a 225hp Chrysler inboard engine with a tunnel drive that allowed the boat to run in 14" of water! In heavy chop that kept many boaters ashore, this boat could power through at a very good rate of speed. It had a marine toilet, room for sleeping, and a small kitchen area. I liked the idea of the inboard engine. After all, it was just like a car engine so I should be able to get a lot more mileage out of it than I did with the outboard, right? Wrong!

I soon discovered that although the inboard engine was a lot like an automobile engine, in a boat you are always in first gear! Miles per gallon? How about gallons per mile! That boat had two 35gal gasoline tanks. That gave me the opportunity to burn up a lot of my money in gasoline bills.

About that time my son became old enough to take scuba diving lessons and he and I became certified divers together. In spite of the high operating costs, that Penn Yan proved to be an excellent platform for scuba diving.

While my family and I had many enjoyable adventures (and mis-adventures) with



that 23' Penn Yan, I also learned quite a bit from it. One of the things I learned is that there is a lot of truth in the old saying that "a boat is a hole in the water, into which money is poured." The bigger the boat, the more money you have to keep pouring in. I also learned that bigger is not necessarily better. After several years I came to the conclusion that the boat was too damned big for me and I sold it.

I was always intrigued by the original Boston Whaler. I was especially impressed by the early advertisements that showed one still afloat after being sawn in half. So when I had the opportunity to get one pretty cheap because it was in rough shape, I bought it. I refinished the mahogany woodwork and repainted the hull. It was a 1960 model Boston Whaler 13 (the original model was first introduced in 1958). My son and I had a lot of good times with that beat up old Whaler.


My next boat is my all-time favorite so far. I bought a 12' double paddled Lost Pond canoe built by Pete Hornbeck in Olmsteadville, New York. This canoe was modeled after the Wee Lassie built by Henry Rushton and made famous by the outdoor writer George Washington Sears, who wrote under the pen name of Nessmuk back in the late 1800s. At 12', my boat is a little bit bigger than Nessmuk's, but after all I am a LOT heavier!

Pete also makes a 10' model which is identical in size to the original Wee Lassie, as well as a 9.5lb 9-footer that is modeled after

the Sairy Gamp, also paddled by Nessmuk. After seeing the original Sairy Gamp in the Adirondack Museum many years ago, I always wished I could try it out. I never did have the opportunity to try out the real Sairy Gamp, but I test paddled the Hornbeck 9-footer. Pete Hornbeck has a small pond next to his shop where customers can try out his boats. Although I would love to be able to use a 9' canoe that weighs less than 10lbs, my massive bulk brought the gunwales down almost to the water! I concluded that I needed a little bigger boat.

Made out of kevlar, my boat weighs only 20lbs but I have paddled it in some pretty rough weather on Lake George and it has proven to be extremely seaworthy. I am able to carry all the camping gear I need for several days in it. While the longest camping trip I have taken using my Lost Pond canoe was three days, I'm sure I could carry enough to get me through two weeks if I needed to. Whatever other boats I acquire in the future, I am sure I will never part with this one.

Next time I'll tell you some more about my paddling adventures as well as some of my early thoughts about sailing. While you're waiting, you may want to check my website at www.bobsboats.com. I plan to gather pictures of most of my boats, past and present, and display them there.ø

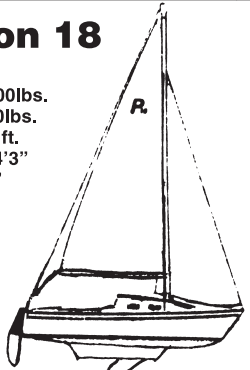


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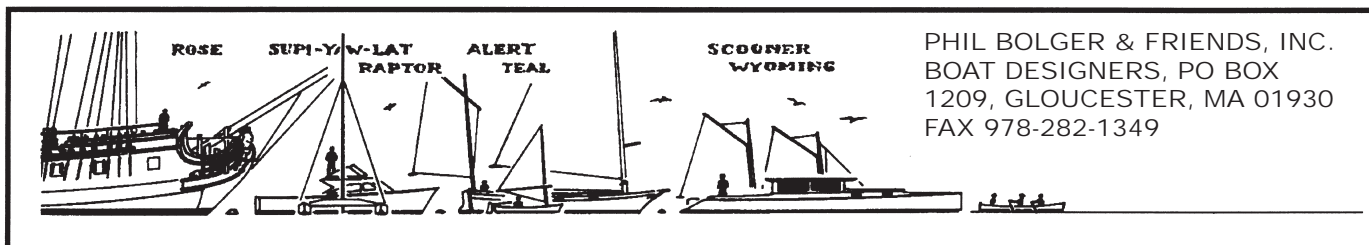
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Even Bob Hicks' generous impulses were overwhelmed by the extent of the Proa-60 material printed in Issues #1 and #2 of Vol. 24 (May 15 and June 1, 2006). The deluge (torrent?) of words was admirably managed across two parts, but the flurry of line art exceeded the physical limits of *MAIB* even Bob can't do much about. So here we have Part 3 of 2 presenting the graphics so elaborately discussed. To balance our past disequilibrium between words

Bolger on Design

Bolger Proa-60

Concept Study
Part 3 of 2 (?!)

60' x 25'6" x 1'6" x 1,600/2,400sf

and lines, this time we'll keep the talk to a minimum and let these graphics and your re-reading of Parts 1 and 2 more or less speak for themselves:

Figure 1 shows Bolger Proa-60 at her most dramatic with all of her 2,400sf of light-weather canvas set. This third sail has the identical proportions of the two regular working sails but would be of lighter material and can hang off the masthead strut only in Zephyr conditions.

Figure 2 has her all reefed for heavy weather with the third-sail halyards shown between the block on the strut's center and a cleat on the green bow's foresail boom.

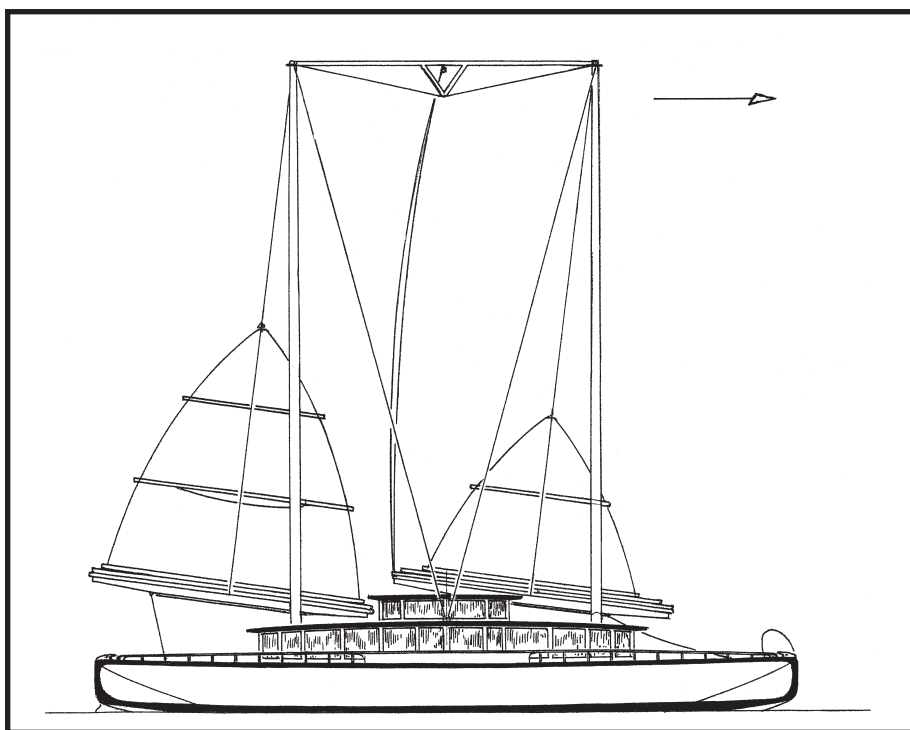
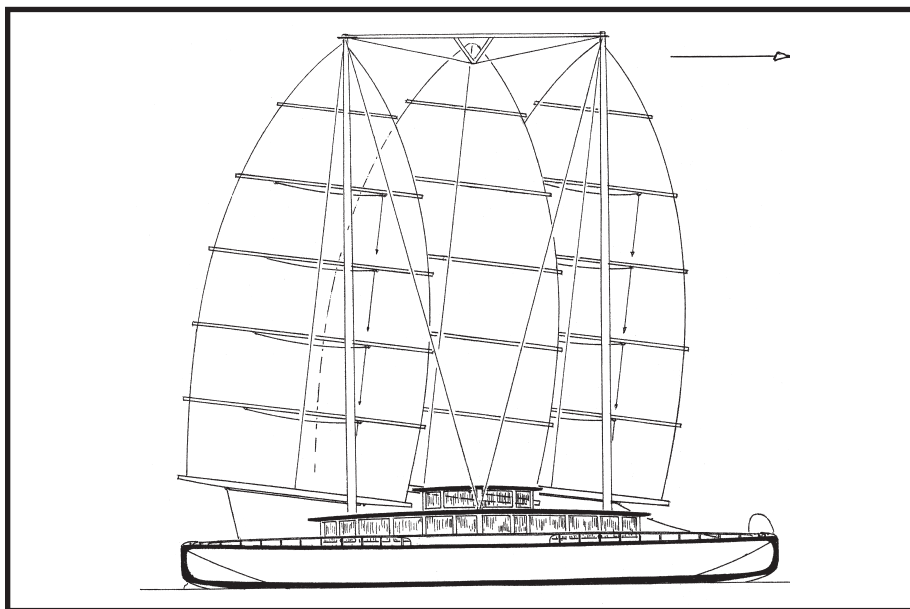
Figure 3 from the bird's eye perspective drives home the particular (or is it peculiar) plan view of this proa concept. Judging by the arrow to the right she is going to right indeed, we've gotten confused ourselves as well with the lower hull being the windward one with the guest cabin and communal spaces. You'll notice a range of distinct differences between both hulls.

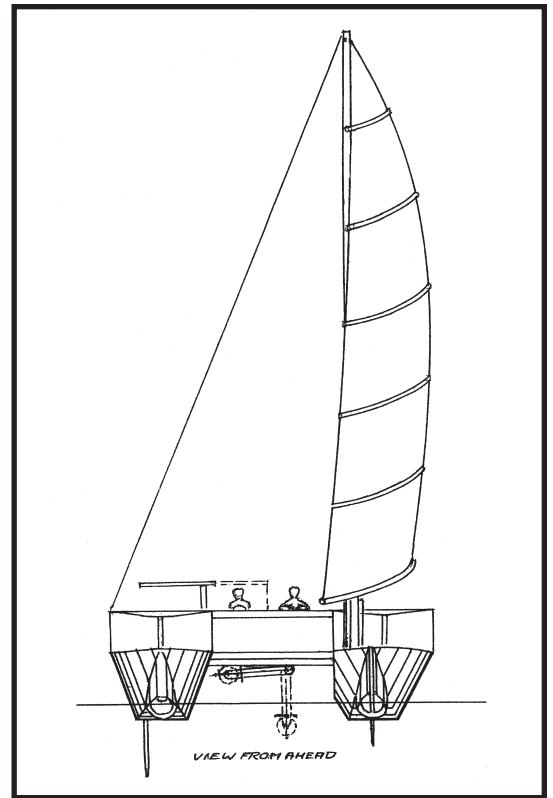
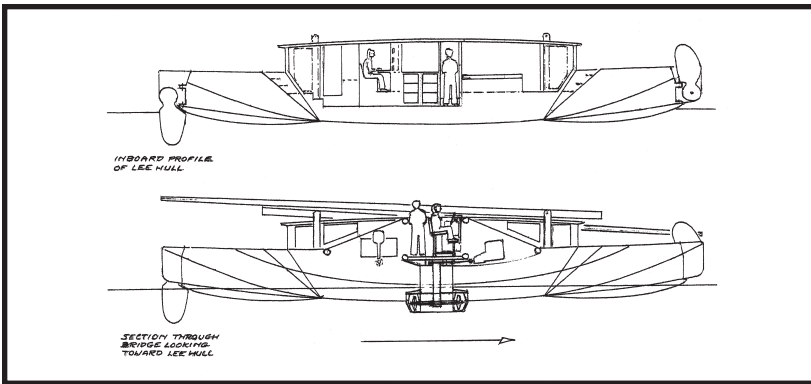
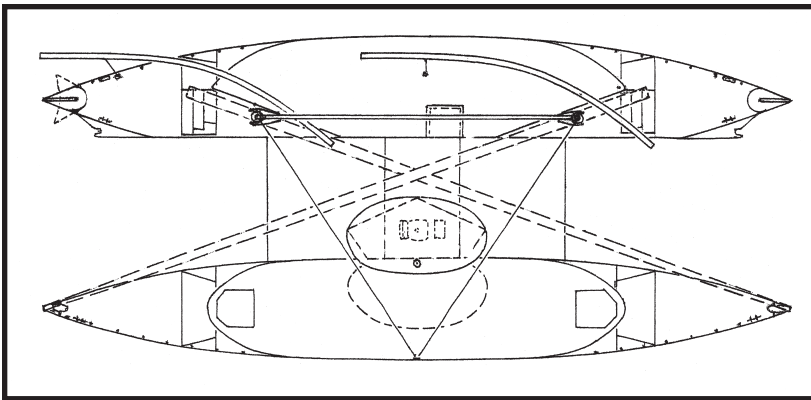
The windward hull looks reasonably symmetric, carries the shared hardpoint from which both mast shrouds head off each towards their mast, shows the deck hatches near either end of the house, impossible on the boom-swept lee hull roof, locates the vertical pivot pipe, supporting the hardtop with the hinged wheelhouse windows assembly, and shows in dotted line its open air position rotated 180 degrees to windward over the hull to open up the helm to infinite headroom and receives the mastheads when the sticks are folded.

The leeward hull features the canted-axis mast tabernacles and the masthead compression strut with its two jaw-headed ends, illustrates our discussion about the various notions addressing rigid or flexible camber/curvature of the boom and the battens with the inactive green rudder locked straight versus the red rudder's total indicated swing and finally shows her inside setback catheads to have anchors ready to go on either tack.

Figure 4 shows her coming right at you with her rudder down, the prop drive retracted to windward for more wave clearance, the asymmetrically located off center-board allowing it to lift out of the water earliest before too much wind would terminally overwhelm the proa's stability in order for her to run off course to leeward recovering stability while crew takes belated measures to reduce sail area. Note one crew sitting at helm and another standing, securely leaning against the green upper cross-member between the hulls. We don't show the option of using transparencies to cover engine and dinghies.

Figure 5 lower half details the bridge with engines and dinghies with the upper drawing helping out understanding of master cabin layout and function. And that is that.





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We have a complete set of plans available for this terrific sharpie that was featured in the March/April 1999 issue of *Boatbuilder* magazine. It is 16' long and can be built from four sheets of plywood and some 1x2 pine. A few weekends will have it ready to go into the water. This boat can be built easily by someone with a moderate skill level and some basic tools. Plans \$35 (MI residents add 6% sales tax).



15'4" Smoothie

Building this boat requires a moderate skill level and more time than the Sharpie but is well worth the effort. Plans \$50 (MI residents add 6% sales tax).

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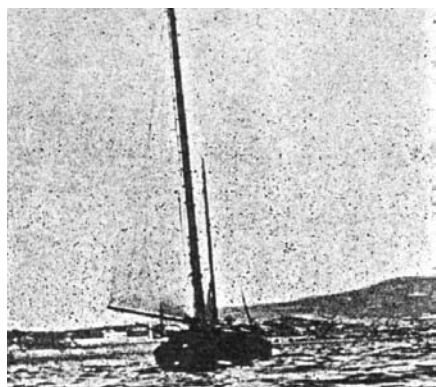
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Each month I read *Fore An' Aft*, advertisements and all, and after having perused every copy to date and having found nothing on my pet boats, I am constrained to make a few remarks in defense of a boat type too little known and too little sung. I lived on the Chesapeake Bay ten years, have sailed every type of boat that floats down there, gilling, skiff, skipjack, bugeye, pungy, log canoe, or what have you, and have followed with a lot of interest the attempts of one Sam Rabl to break into polite yachting society with the "critters." And good boats they are, each and every one.

Now, for a year or so I have been reading the praises of double enders, Block Islanders (a real one of which I sailed on once as a youngster), Norwegian boats, and finally the refined, Atkinized, Americanized, Volsteadized, Colin Archer boats.

All very good, very good. Being a doctor I at once state, in order to avoid the outrageous attacks of some of the professional paragraphers in the three or four boating magazines I take, I repeat I am stating once and for all that I know nothing about the science and art of boat building, designing, and allied departments. I don't know a metacentric centre from a tumble home. I wouldn't know a diagonal if I saw one. On the other hand, I do know a boat when I see it and there is one type of boat I know better than others, love the type, and have the courage of my convictions. I use the type. I refer to the good old, husky Cape Cod Cat Boat (now laugh, you refined birds!).



Iris, a 40-year-old Handley Cat.

Now I'm going to tell you why. I own a catboat of the finest type, in fact one of the best specimens ever produced, called the *Iris*, built in 1887 by Hanley for his own use and named the *Mucilage*, bought in 1888 by Morgan, renamed the *Iris*, and taken down to Newport where she trimmed a lot of good cats. Twenty years later she did the same thing and now, after a lot of wandering another 20 years, finds her riding on the Pacific so far as we (the boat builders and myself) can tell, as sound as the day she first floated, roomy, husky, sound, able, safe, sensible, she laughs at anything the Pacific stirs up in these parts, works to windward about as well as anything out here, shows them all her square old stern off the wind, rides our long choppy swells as easy as a rocking chair, sneaks in and out of tiny coves the deep boats avoid, but why go on, a lover raving over his first love is almost derogatory as compared with me when I start on the cat boat.

For bad weather sailing, gales of 50, 60, or even 70 miles an hour, when properly handled the cat is as safe as any boat made, her motion to windward is soft and easy, excep-

The Cat Comes Back

By Dr. Cleon C. Mason

Reprinted from *Fore An' Aft* May 15, 1927
(A Yachting Magazine conceived by cruising men and dedicated to cruising)

About *Fore An' Aft*

Fore An' Aft, "a Yachting Magazine conceived by cruising men and dedicated to cruising," was launched in 1926 with yacht designer William Atkin as Editor. While dedicated to cruising it was much like our *MAIB* in that it carried many articles from readers. With the permission of Pat Atkin, who today offers plans of designs by William Atkin and his son John, her late husband, we will be bringing to you a number of these articles as they appeared in the 1st Anniversary Issue of April 1927.

tionally dry, she sails on the water, not in it. Only once or twice in a good many miles of sailing has green water ever come over the bow. A light sea anchor holds her well up into any wind, and once riding to a sea anchor and 50 fathoms of line you can go below, brew a pot of tea, and sleep, knowing full well nothing will bother her.

Iris is 27' overall, 12½' beam, draws about 3½' with board up and 8' with the board down. Many oldtimers will recall her, heavily constructed, lots of freeboard forward, and a lot of sheer. Planked in 1½" white cedar, copper fastened to 2" steam bent white oak frames with a keel which I



The new jib-head rig "guessed" by the Doctor.

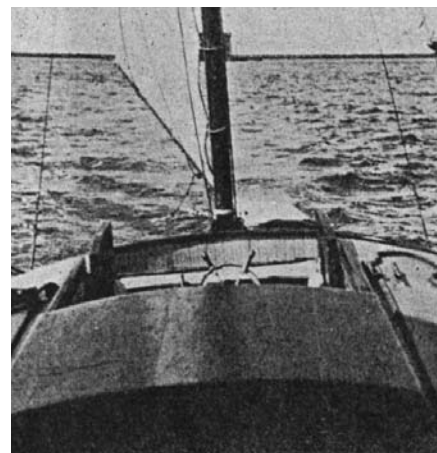
have never measured but looks about 14" x 14", she is capable of standing any amount of punishment. During a SE blow last October the anchor dragged, she was driven on the beach, and took a good beating for eight hours, and was afloat again with only a couple of slight leaks which were satisfactorily caulked from the inside.

Iris had always been sailed with the original cat rig, the large mainsail, but being by nature a bit lazy, also a bit curious, I changed her rig last fall. The mainsail was changed to a jib headed sail, clear to the top of the 35' stick, the boom was shortened from 34' to 24', a mizzenmast, 22½' stepped

and stayed on the after deck and a mizzen sail 22' on the luff and 12' on the foot was bent on. I went to a couple of naval architects to get plans but neither was acquainted with cat boats, they talked knowingly of lateral plane, centre of effort, angle of heel, and a lot more I knew nothing about and ended up by telling me to let her alone.

But they had never had blistered hands from holding that big barn-door rudder against numerous tons of water, their backs had never ached from trying to hoist that main sail alone. Finding them wholly unsympathetic, I took the bull by the horns, rather the boat by the bow, led her up to the dock, amputated the main boom, set the after stick in place, stayed it, fitted the bumpkin, bent on the sails, and about four in the afternoon, tried her out in a fresh SW wind. When God makes a fool he usually looks after him, evidently I made a lucky guess.

The new rig handled beautifully on every angle of sailing and though only about 550sf as against 650 in the old rig the *Iris* is fully as fast to windward, a trifle slower off the wind but, oh, what a change! My eight-year-old can handle her now. Ten minutes after stepping aboard I am underway and once out of shipping I tie the wheel and leisurely go below, change my clothes, and then settle down for a smoke. And speaking of self-sailing, the *Iris* will sail with the wheel tied on practically any course. This isn't paper praise. The boat is here for anyone to try and prove the statement.



And now she sails herself. The Doctor is mixing up something below.

What I have had to say of the *Iris* specifically applies to all cat boats. Every man prides himself on his tolerance of his friends' opinions, my friend John sails a 40' deep keel yawl, she is wet to windward but fast. I like John, he likes my liquor, we discuss boats hour on end, still I can't for the life of me understand why he should like to sail that jerky, hard riding yawl when he might just as well be lounging in the big, roomy, inviting cockpit of an easy riding cat boat. No, no, I'm not intolerant, but still I can't understand John, (and I bet a case of ginthetic sin John only sympathizes with me). After trying other boats, wooed away momentarily by the novelty of change, I always paddle out to the *Iris*, half apologetically step aboard, slip down into the cabin, finally we are on good terms again.

Would I buy another cat boat? Yes, emphatically. A few reservations perhaps, but fundamentally it would be a cat boat.

From my earliest days in teacher education classes I gleaned that certain students ranging from kindergarten to graduate school should never be around sharp objects because they may hurt themselves or others accidentally or on purpose. In my innocence I thought that the biggest problem was little tykes running with scissors, but I was wrong. Big kids do stupid things with sharp objects, too. I mention the useless tip of the middle finger on my left hand after I severed the nerve with a pocket knife cutting open a box containing jumper cables I needed after I left my car headlights on all night.

What really bothers me today is that carrying a knife of any size is a MANDATORY one-year expulsion from school in Iowa. Every farm kid in the state has a pocket knife on him, but the damn get-tough-on-crime folks decided that One Strike and you're out is an absolute! I cannot help but think about what would happen if I tried to board a plane with a blade on my fingernail clippers. I will mention the time that I tried to board a plane in Mexico but had forgotten my dive knife in my briefcase. Believe me, the Mexican police are a whole lot nicer than the Cedar Rapids, Iowa, police. They just laughed at me and made me stow it in my luggage. The C.R. cops would have fired automatic assault weapons first and asked questions later.

I do not recall a time I did not have a little jackknife in my pocket. How else would a boy sharpen his pencil, play Stretch, cut string, carve his name in his school desk, nip the wick on the altar candles, or cut the Irish Pennants from his altar boy cassock? God only knows when and where I got my first knife, but I am sure that somewhere along the line my beloved grandfather "Feats" gave me one when I was about five years old. I have collected a plethora of them since then, many of them still around the house in sundry drawers. I still have one from grade school, one of Feats' pocket knives, which I gave to my son, a nice small knife, a little Swiss do-everything knife which is my day-to-day choice, and a smattering of others collected along the way.

Talking about knives to small boaters is a bit like talking about toothpaste, it is an essential ingredient for life. Lines need to be sliced, string needs to be severed, tubing needs to be cut, plastic wrap needs removing, crap needs to be chipped, wood needs to be whittled. Duh! A sailor without a knife is like an old retired college dean and inverted boater without a beer.

The rationale for this little epistle is that I spent the weekend cleaning up odds and ends on my little Boatex 1200 sailboat and my mammoth 12' Boston Whaler. The former needed new lines and some additional "stuff" added. The latter needed a newer gas line, a new pull rope for the motor, a new electrical line to the lights, and some new "stuff." I ended up laughing at myself because when Miss Unnaslahti, Frigid Maiden of the Finns, returned and started yelling about all the junk all over the driveway, I looked over my collection of screw drivers, wrenches, and knives scattered all over the place and realized I am a toolaholic. I had no fewer than four knives laid out to perform various services; a small one for getting into tight spots, a larger one for bigger jobs, a box cutter to open the containers of "stuff," and an extra one when I couldn't reach any of the others. Only a true

Knives

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan



Three knives from Finland.

sailor would understand the absolute need for at least four knives when working on boat "stuff."

As a lark, I started to get my knife collection in some sort of grouping ranging from small dress knives to large, kill sharks type of blades. Perhaps my favorite is the handmade Heimo Roselli blade that Mr. Roselli made from scratch at his home in Finland about eight miles from my father-in-law's place. Roselli knives may be purchased in the U.S. for upwards of \$170. Mine was a present from Miss Nordic Fling's eldest brother, Ari Unnaslahti, and he paid a lot less. The blade itself is high carbon steel beaten and folded for ages on end from ore collected from the rocks at Heimo's cabin, the scabbard is leather which he sewed up as we were waiting around the barn, the birch handle came from one of his millions of

birches behind the house. This is a real knife; plain, simple, keen, and rugged in the usual Finnish design with short blade and long handle minus a finger guard. You skin bear and moose with these things.

Another Finnish knife is a wonderful Fiskars with a plastic handle. It is the El Cheapo of work knives. Again with a high carbon steel blade, this little shaver is razor sharp, dirt cheap, and in every Finn's fishing equipment. I bought a bundle of these for presents to the delinquents in my neighborhood. Yet another Finnish knife is a Rapala hunting knife that I purchased for a lot of FinnMarks only to discover they are cheaper at WalMart on Blair's Ferry Road.

My dive knife is blunt ended, supposedly useful in prying open stuff, oyster shells, or popping the top off Mexican beer bottles. Of course, all divers worth their air need to be decorated with a dive knife which they never, ever use. They are handy forgettable tools in one's carry-on luggage. Ask any experienced diver, they have all been caught boarding planes with dive knives. One truly has to wonder if any diver has actually used his knife or do they all just wear one for show. Hmmm.

The easy one-handed flip knives are handy dandy items around the boat. I keep a larger one on each boat for sundry purposes like cutting myself free of entangled lines. A smaller version is a pocket sample to be used in time of great distress like when I am trapped underwater in a concoction of ropes and wires and general stuff when I attempt my stunt of inverted sailing.

I did not think this is the time or place to mention that once upon a time my beloved Feats took brother Mikey and me across the border to Reynosa Mexico, but I will anyway. Mikey wanted a knife so the elderly dentist took the sixth grader to a knife shop and found a "cute" little thing for the boy. It was a switchblade. Mike took it to St. Patrick's elementary school and sold it for a fortune. Maybe that's why Mikey is rich and I am still a fiscal burden on my wife and children.

Some everyday work knives.



Mr. Robb White's article on fuel filters (June 1, '06, p.24) brings to mind an addition to the usual filter combination of water separator and particle/algae separator. You can have both in one item. For example, bad diesel fuel is a problem that can be alleviated by taking a leaf from the book of the old-timers.

Before all the fancy filters (and better marine fuel composition), the need for clean fuel was met with what was called a day tank. (Illustration 1) In essence, the fuel was pumped from the main storage tank to a smaller tank. This tank was used for two purposes. The first was to provide a positive flow of fuel to the engine (Jack West, *Modern Powerboats*, 1970, p.76). The second was to allow the water (and other gunk) to settle to the bottom while the cleaner fuel was taken off the top. In the original setup, the day tank had a fuel gauge and was refilled as needed. When necessary, the day tank was drained of the collected water (etc.). This approach provided the fuel for the engine without the need of expensive fuel filters.

At present I have a Sisu 26 with a Westerbeke 100 diesel engine and two inboard fuel tanks. I also boat on the Gulf of Mexico (Florida) where the temperature extreme provides a great place for condensation in the fuel tank and the growth of various algae and bacteria. I use a variation of the old day tank to filter out the water, algae, etc. from the diesel fuel before it gets to the filters provided by the boat's manufacturer. Since the Westerbeke is a slow fuel-flow engine, my day tank is rather small (holds about two quarts (Illustration 2). The gravity filter system I use works quite nicely and

Fuel Filters

By C. Henry Depew

removes all the large algae/gunk and water from the fuel. I drain the day tank after each trip to check the fuel composition (drain until clean fuel comes out).

The illustrations show two ways to create your day tank. Mine is located level with the engine and uses the engine's fuel pump since I am running directly from the main tanks to the day tank on to the regular filters and then to the injector pump. I simply did not have the room to place the day tank higher or make it larger in capacity. In short, it is being used as a primary water/gunk filter. If you have more space in the engine compartment, you can put in a larger tank and place it to provide positive flow to the engine.

Your day tank should be of fireproof construction and may need to meet USCG fuel tank specification if it is over a certain size (capacity). Your insurance company will insist on this. In fact, you should check with your boat insurance company to see if they will allow a day tank installation.

At one time, people installed Y valves in their raw water intake system to provide a secondary interior pump if they developed a leak as an engine raw water cooling pump moves a lot of water. Some insurance companies were against such an installation as a failure would provide another means for water to enter the boat. Thus, a check with your insurance company is recommended.

If you do not have the room or want to spend the money for a certified day tank, you

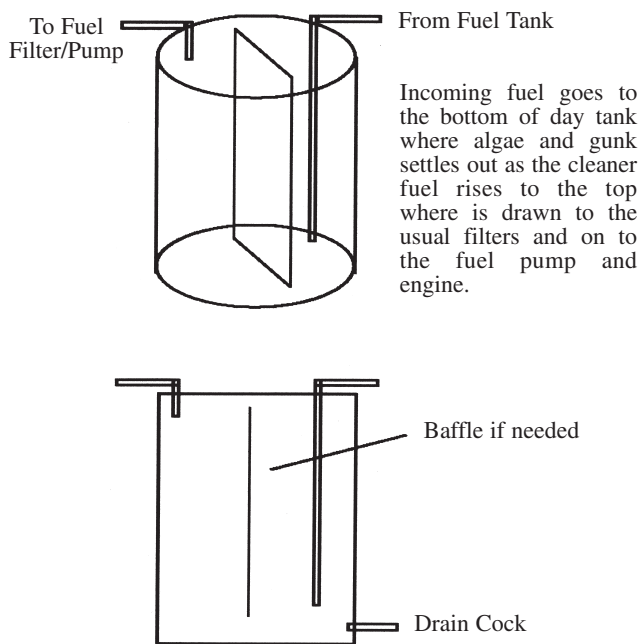
can install a variation on the theme using a standard, large capacity fuel filter. Simply remove the filter cartridge from the container. You now have a place for the water and gunk to collect before they get to the main filters and you have a drain port on the bottom. If you go this route you will have the mounting pieces, the filter container, and the device should meet the fire safety requirements.

This is a flow-through separator and requires a low fuel-flow to work properly. Depending on the type of filter rig you obtain, you can mount an internal input pipe from the tank side of the system to insure that all the material goes below the output side of the assembly. Using this approach, when the main filter bowl (usually the water separator comes first with a see-through section) shows water starting to collect, it is time to drain the flow-through filter.

Although they were used for such, it should be noted that a day tank for a gasoline engine is not recommended unless you have a sealed draining system to keep fumes from the bilge/engine area.

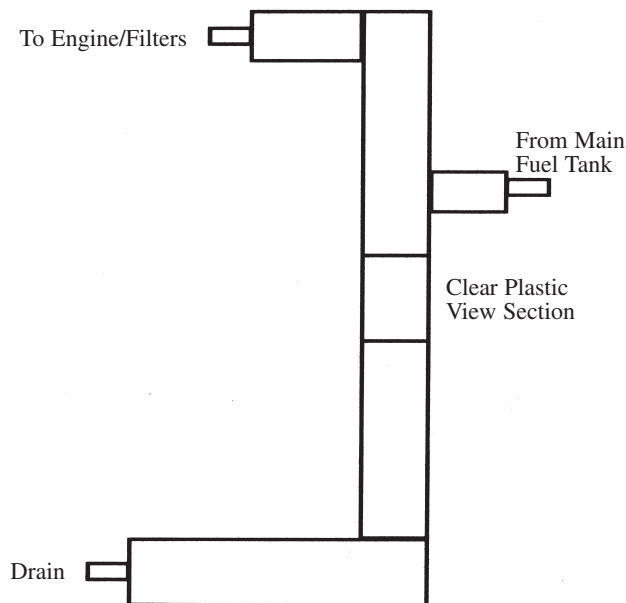
While you should not do away with the existing fuel filter system, a pre-filter day tank or a flow-through separator can be an option that will provide you with clean fuel, fewer fuel filter changes, and some additional peace of mind. Depending on the flow rate of your diesel engine, the day tank (or separator) can be rather small, like mine is, or larger. The size also depends on the available space to house the device, regulations, and room for easy access for safe drainage. Look your engine space over. It might be possible on your boat.

Illustration #1 - Simplified Day Tank



The inlet and outlet piping is sized to match the existing system. The connectors should be ribbed with clamps to the hose. The drain is a standard fuel cut-off. All is built to meet with your system's requirements. The day tank material must be resistant to Diesel fuel degradation.

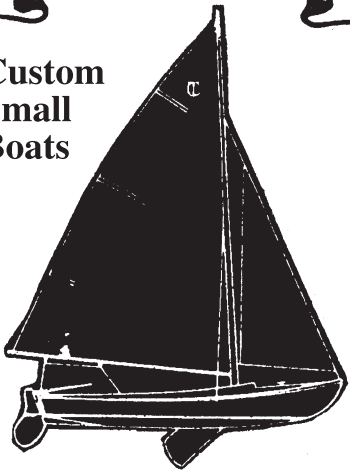
Illustration #2 - Day Tank to Fit Space



In my case the day tank is tubing about 2" in diameter created to fit an area between the engine and the side of the compartment. There is a section made of clear plastic to allow me to see if there is water building up in the device. The fuel from the main tanks comes in at the middle. The heavier gunk drops out while the clean fuel floats up to the outflow to the rest of the fuel system and the engine. The hose connections are standard barbs while the drain is a standard shutoff valve.

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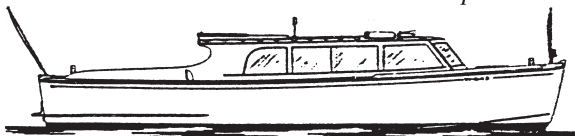


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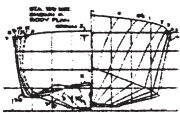
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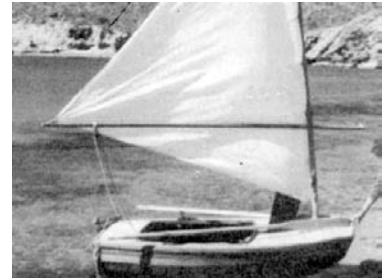
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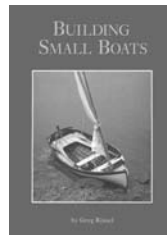
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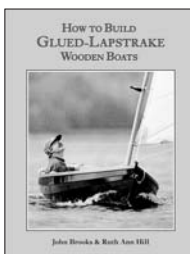
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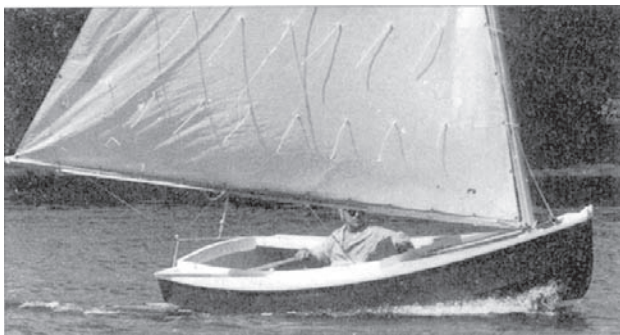


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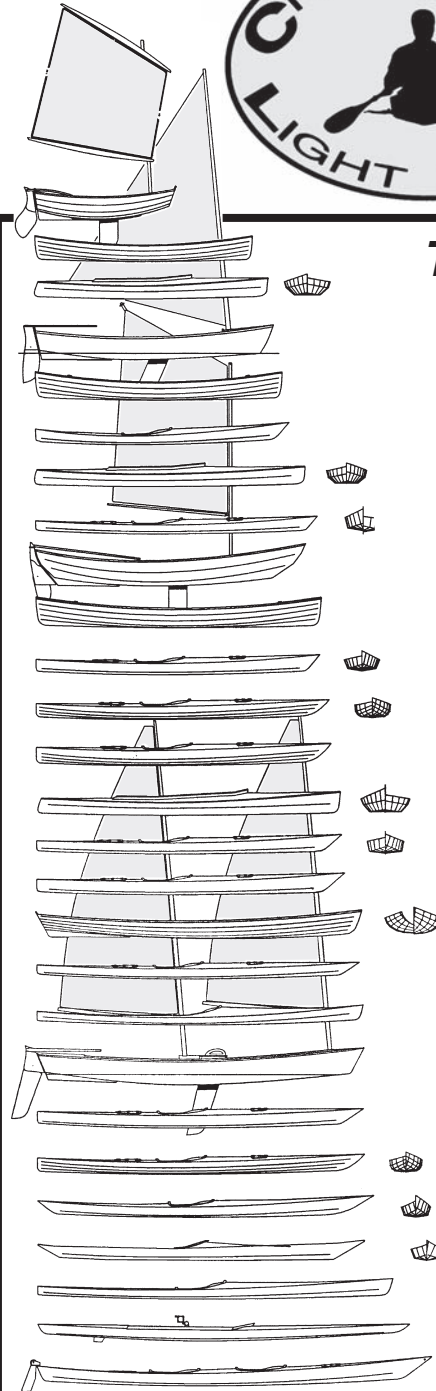
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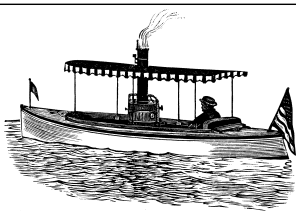
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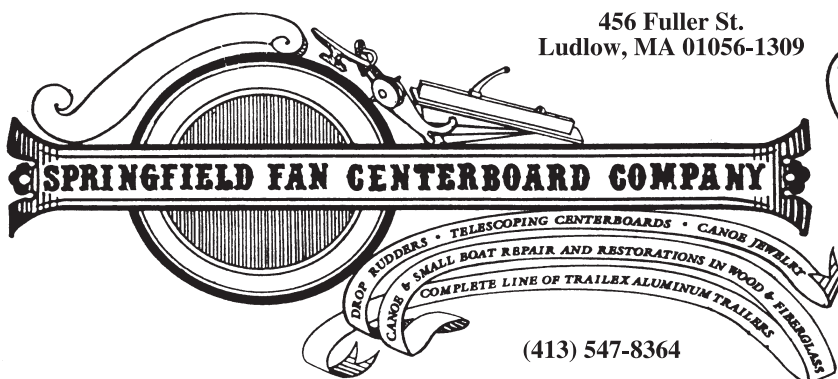
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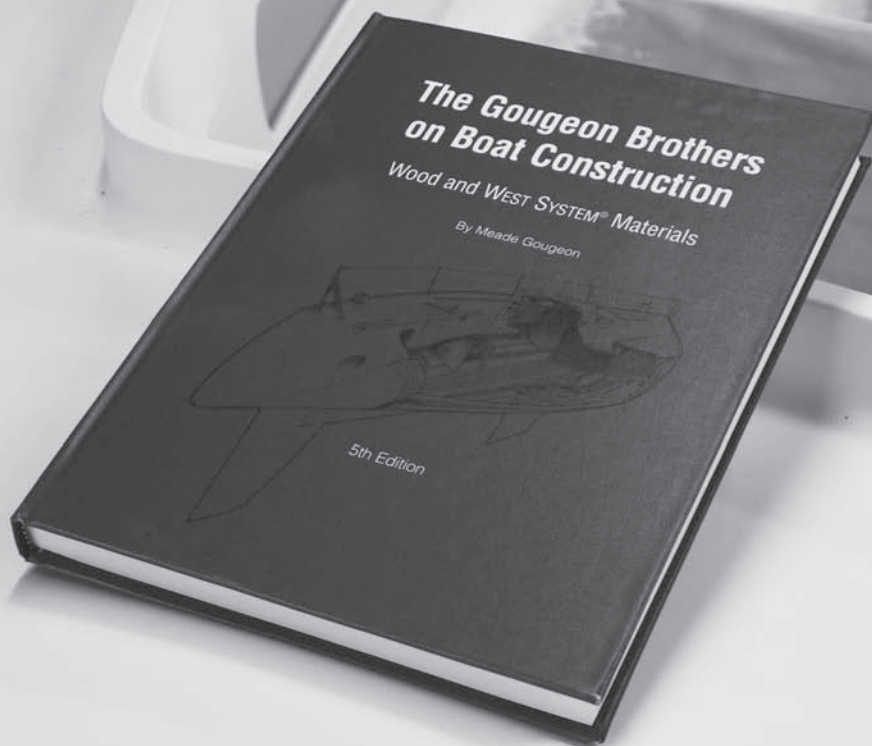
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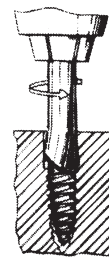
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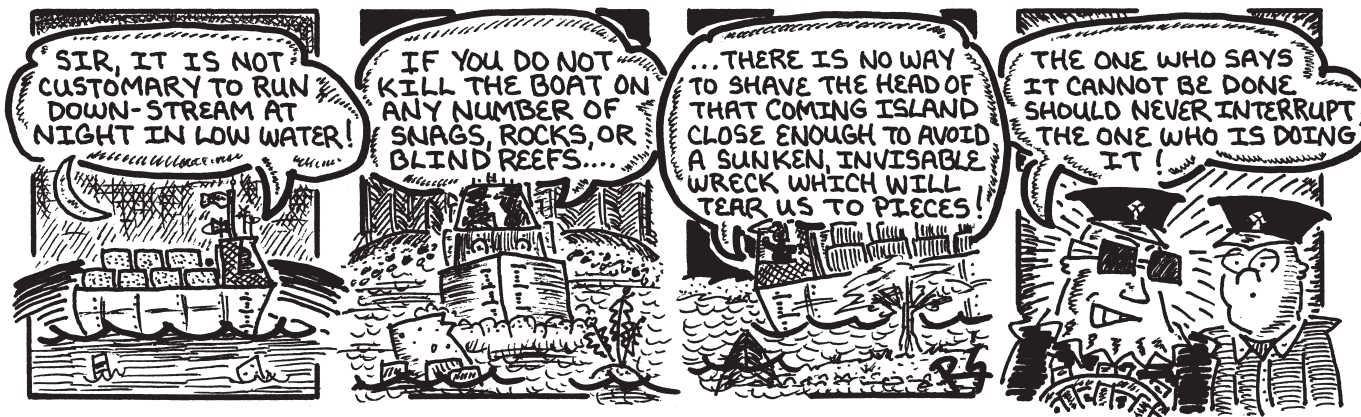
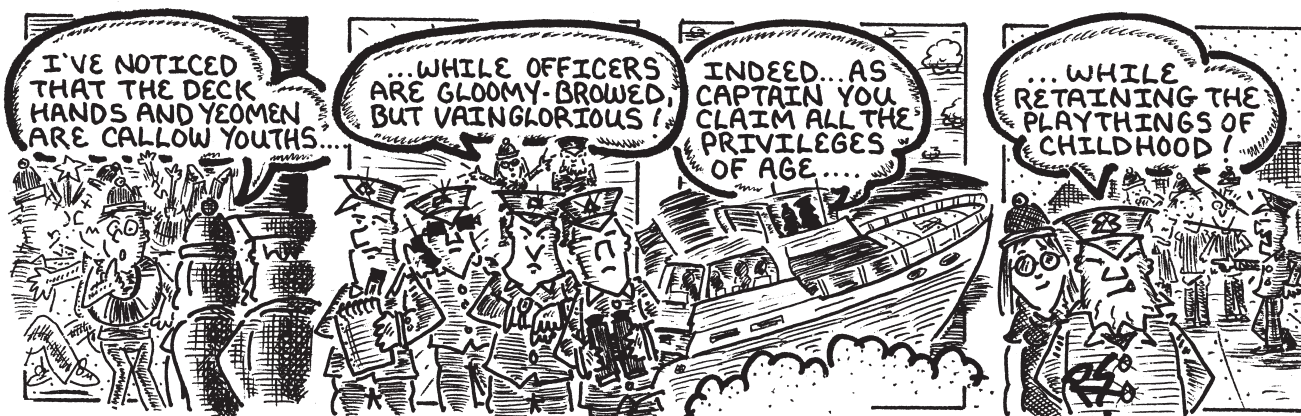
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